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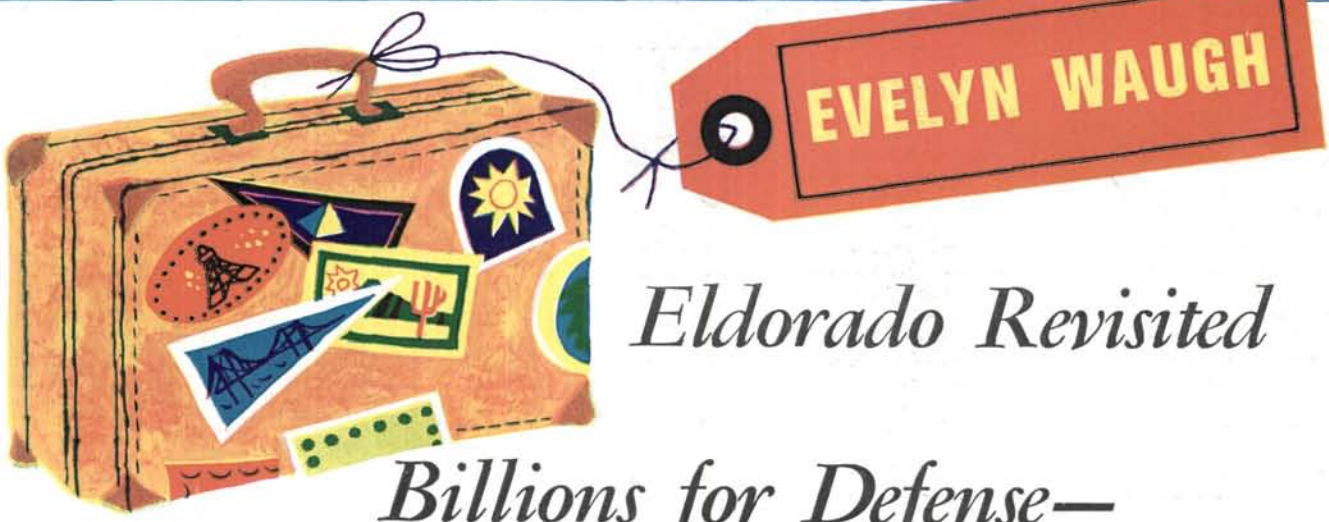

Eldorado Revisited

Billions for Defense— How Much for Waste?

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

The Coming Vatican Council

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we feature **Evelyn Waugh** (© 1962, Evelyn Waugh, all ye plagiarists & freeloaders), who writes about his (brief) return to British Guiana. There aren't many places to go to nowadays, he complains, if one would avoid terrorists and tourists, but B.G. is one of them, and there also is Jagan, a not inconsiderable amount of American aid, no alliance, and not very much progress. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** writes about the strange reluctance of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara to enforce the law which says that the armed forces must get competitive bids before awarding a contract—unless only a single firm handles the product in question. Mr. Defense Secretary is not only reluctant to go along, he has retaliated against his principal congressional goad by cutting him off the Pentagon mailing list. At stake is something between three and twelve billion dollars. But what's money? Whee! . . . **William F. Gavin,** who teaches English at Abington, Pennsylvania, and several years ago wrote about the evolution of student riots into an Olympic sport, discusses the Marmeladov Approach, and its infinite usefulness, *e.g.*, when the citizens of New Rochelle decided to move in on their Peoples Ballet. . . . Sir **Arnold Lunn,** the distinguished British author, sportsman, philosopher and traveler, and a convert to Catholicism, writes about the forthcoming Vatican Council, and suggests some of the things he would do if he were the Vatican Council. Sir Arnold will travel to this country in a week or two, and will lecture and debate, and add to his famous collection of scalps. . . . Dr. **John E. Eichenlaub** is best known as a sexpert, but writes here about the inequities of the tax law insofar as they fail to take into account the long schooling of professional men.

➔ **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** who is also on his way to the United States for a lecture trip, discusses the growing disillusion of intelligent Europeans with American foreign policy. . . . **Russell Kirk** is back from Europe, and busy being the Renaissance Man. This week he writes about the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists.

➔ Professor **Guy Davenport** has begun teaching again at Haverford, now that school is in. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** used to be a professional investment counselor, back when Snoopchief asked him to fill in the Census Department's Blue Form (next week we shall review the arguments on the basis of which Mr. R. is appealing his sentence). He writes about three get-rich-quick books. . . . Father **Vincent Miceli** is a Jesuit priest who here pulverizes the arguments of a scouting party of Catholic pacifists. . . . **Robert J. Needles,** M.D., is an internist who lives in Florida, and reads, and writes, extensively. He has written for *Modern Age.*

➔ Hugh Kenner says of **David Cornel DeJong:** "He has the most totally individual style in the United States. You can recognize it is DeJong in three lines." ➔

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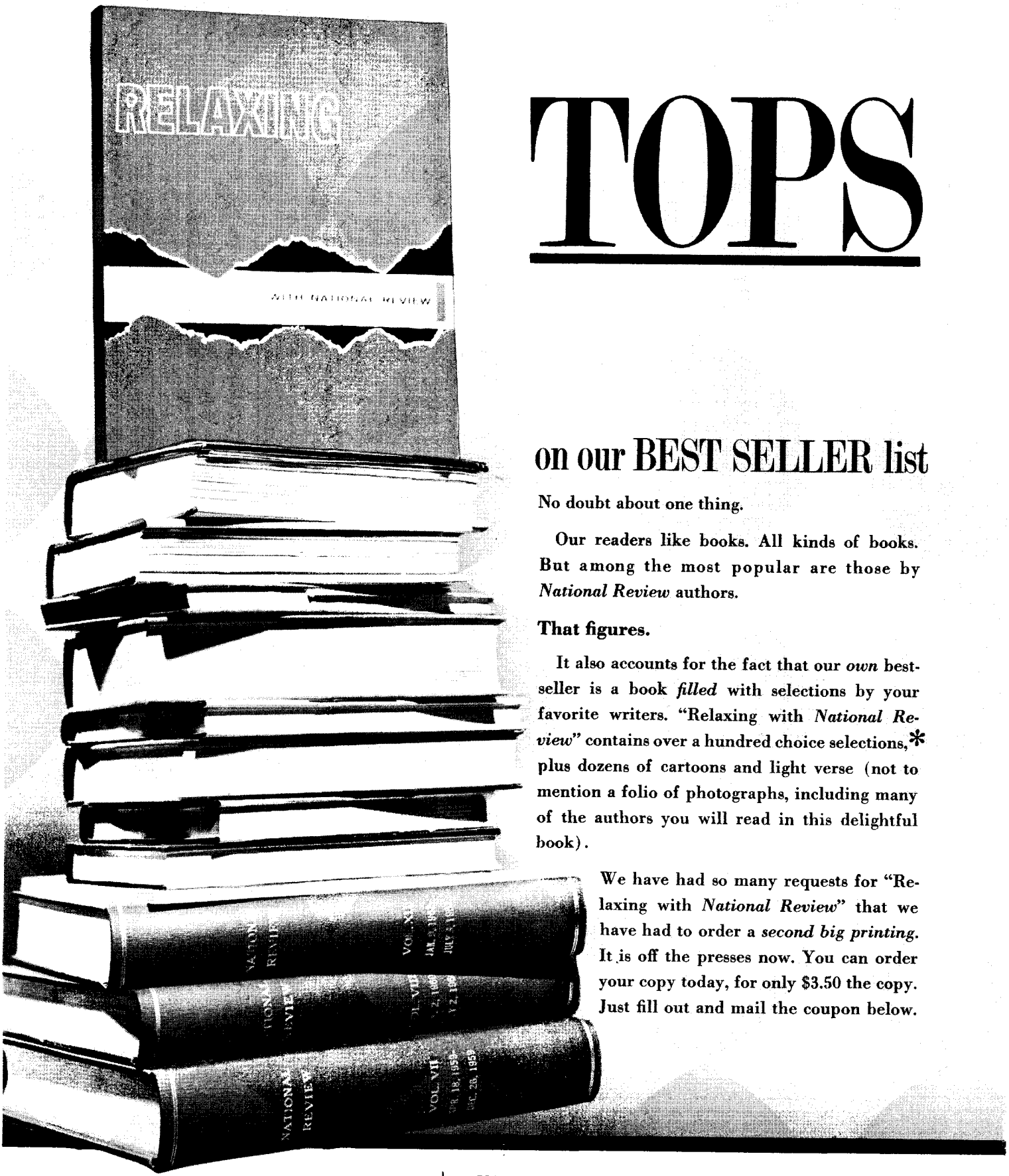

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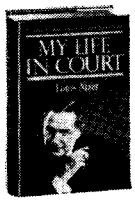

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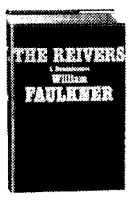

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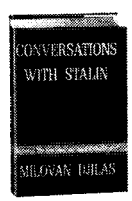

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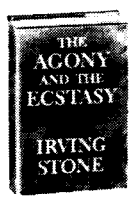

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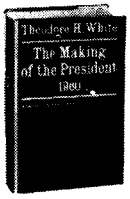

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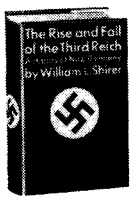

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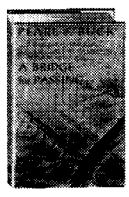

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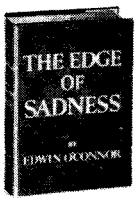

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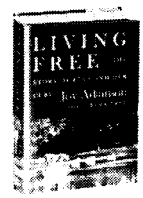

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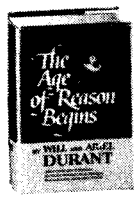

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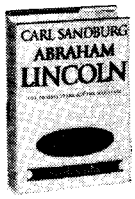

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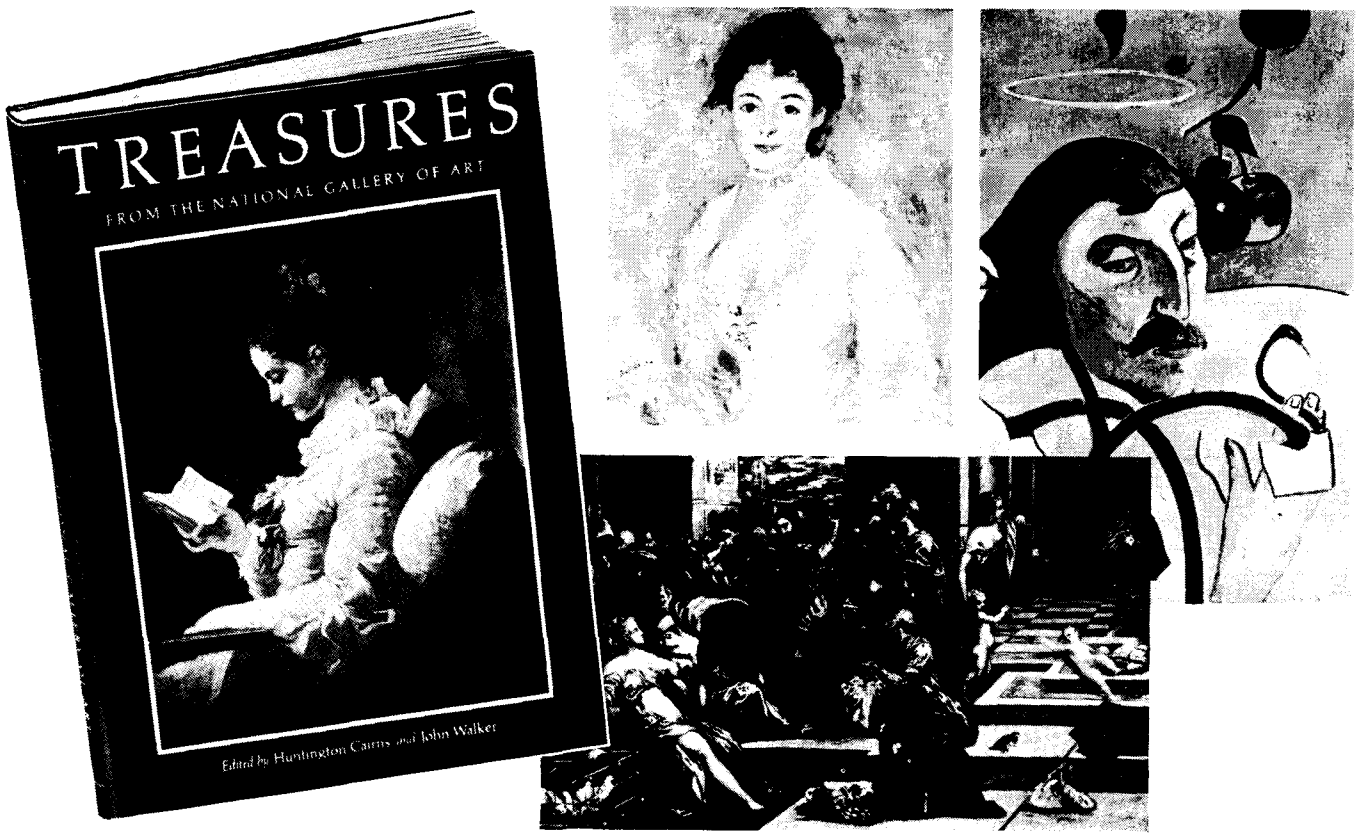

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The WEEK

● On September 26 the headlines said, "Soviet Trawlers to Use New Port Planned in Cuba . . . U.S. Is Prepared to Send Troops." The one headline referred to the establishment of Cuba as central supply and maintenance base for Soviet naval operations in the Atlantic Ocean. The other headline had to do with forcing a state university to admit a new student. Mr. Meredith wants that campus and Mr. Khrushchev wants the Western Hemisphere: and the Kennedy Administration is slowly running out of time to figure out which area most needs a show of force.

● Those who are pouring their scorn on Governor Barnett (*i.e.*, everybody) would do well to try to understand that, however mistaken they—and we—believe his views on the race problem to be, *he* understands himself to be defending a principle, and a very honorable principle, the principle of home rule. Along came the Warren Court, and home rule, in respect to education, was simply repealed. That is the way Barnett looks at it. We don't know how good a student he is of the Constitution, but we know how bad a student of the Constitution Earl Warren is. And let those who weep for James Meredith reflect on whether they really think of him as a human being—is he really going to be happier, or better off, at the University of Mississippi, where he is not wanted, than he would be at a Negro college?—or merely as a means to their ideological end.

● Senator Kefauver happened to notice last spring that President Kennedy was getting big headlines out of his assault on the steel industry. Senator Kefauver, chairman of the Senate subcommittee on monopoly, joined the fun with an investigation of the industry. The steel industry dragged its feet. Senator Kefauver issued subpoenas *cum* headlines. Bethlehem, Republic, National, and Armco refused to honor the subpoenas, contending that Kefauver had asked them to produce information that would destroy their ability to compete at home and abroad. Senator Kefauver's subcommittee voted the four steel companies in contempt of Congress. Last week the full Senate Judiciary Committee rejected the contempt motion, 10 to 5, and Senator Kefauver got more headlines, of the kind we never tire of. And in the general amusement at Kefauver's lame retreat, let's remember to applaud the gentlemen at Bethlehem, Republic, National, and Armco, who took the time and trouble (as so few businessmen dare to do) to prove to an upstart bureaucrat that even they possess some civil rights.

● The Conservative Party of New York has completed its petition drive with notable success: it filed 44,606 signatures, almost four times the legal requirement, and the legal minimum per county was covered more than four times. The Rockefeller-Javits Liberal Republican machine has started to fight back. Reports from across the state indicate that the Republicans are using threats of reprisal and promises of reward if petition signers will invalidate their signatures. The Conservative Party has expressed its confidence in the extraordinary care and astute legal work that went into this effort, and its optimism is reflected inversely by highly placed Republicans, who glumly estimate that the Conservative Party will get 200,000 votes in November. Meanwhile, all of New York is giggling over the confidential memo from Albany to Republican county leaders, urging them to emphasize Rockefeller's "conservative" record when they're questioned about it, but not to publicize it—for fear of losing votes.

● Bravely breasting a tide of Russian and Cuban demands for surrender, Adlai Stevenson arose and presented the hard-line case for America: more money for the UN, a mandate for U Thant, and disarmament pleas involving less inspection than asked for last year. He congratulated freedom's friend, Sukarno, for his "statesmanship" in agreeing to "a peaceful settlement" on New Guinea. He fearlessly called for "reintegration of Katanga into the Congo State." He dealt briefly with peripheral matters, the "pressures" on Berlin, and "the moral and material support from outside" that Cuba is getting. He finished his noble week with an Emancipation Day speech in which he compared the Old South to the Communists, magnanimously pointing out that neither was all that bad.

● A Mexican newspaper has picked up a remarkable story from the French news agency, Agence France Presse. General Espaillat, it is said, the former chief of intelligence for the Trujillo government, who was recently driven out of Canada, reports that his troubles arise from his personal knowledge that Trujillo gave sums of money to a half-dozen very prominent American senators, who did not register as foreign agents, and are therefore guilty of breaking a federal law. Espaillat should be asked to testify before a congressional committee, or to give his evidence to a grand jury.

● The American Committee for France and Algeria was formed a couple of years ago by a group of Americans—among them *NR*'s associates, Thomas

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Molnar and James Burnham—concerned to present to an American public neglected and suppressed truths concerning the struggle for Algeria and its meaning. That phase of the Algerian affair ended in July with the withdrawal of France from its North African territory, but the Committee has continued in existence. (Professor Molnar and Mr. Burnham, however, are no longer connected with it.) The new issue of its Bulletin (*U.S./France Report*), which accepts the preposterous thesis that de Gaulle is a conscious Communist who has for years plotted to put Europe inside the Soviet orbit, indicates that the Committee has become a vehicle for the vagaries and obsessions of those who believe that anyone who pursues a foreign policy line substantially different from our own, is a Communist.

● The *S. S. Truman*, an old steam-propelled vessel commissioned by an act of God in 1945 and mothballed by the U.S. people in 1952, puffed into Idaho the other day and began lobbing shells at—the admiralty. There the *Vernon K. Smith* was happily sailing for the governorship via Legalized Gambling, as an internal state issue. All this was wirelessed to the *Truman*, with an urgent plea not to rock the boat. Members of the press, attempting to fix the *Truman's* position on Legalized Gambling, found her on course, until, suddenly, the squawk-box burst into life. "Gambling is up to the states to decide," it crackled. "If you want to be like Nevada, that's your business. Nevada is the only black spot on the United States continent. So go ahead and do what you damn well please. Does that answer your question?" It did, whereupon the members of the press raced out to scuttle the butt. The *Vernon K. Smith* immediately broke communications with the *Truman* and signalled that she was "disloyal to the Democratic cause," while the Demos Line candidates hastily sought out sheltered coves, and anti-sin GOP Line candidates cast oil-slicks on the troubled waters. The next day the *Truman* puffed out of Idaho and the GOP Line ruled the waves.

● Early in August the usually impartial *Congressional Quarterly* printed a story designed to show that leading conservatives across the nation had singled out the able Representative Thomas B. Curtis for defeat in the Missouri Republican primary. Supposed proof: unrelated speaking engagements of Robert Morris and NATIONAL REVIEW editor Frank S. Meyer in the St. Louis area. Both demanded, and got, a quasi-retraction in print from *CQ*, which pleaded its information had come from "usually reliable sources." In fact, the article and the retraction were both the handiwork of public relations man Fred Sontag, as part of the Sontag "Liberal image" operation for the usually conservative Missouri congressman. (See *NR*, Sept. 25—"Liberal Republicans Look to '64.") A full retraction from *CQ* has been demanded.

● Philharmonic Hall, first unit of Lincoln Center, New York's grandiose new complex of "the performing arts," opened the evening of September 23 to the endogamous applause of U Thant, Jacqueline Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson and 2,600 white-tied and silk-gowned notables who paid—or had charged to the relevant expense accounts—from $100 to $500 a ticket. Even the detectives assigned by the Police Department wore formal clothes for the occasion, and only limousines—no taxis—were permitted to deposit their jeweled cargo at the red carpet. We would like to agree with its sponsors and fund raisers that the building of Lincoln Center symbolizes the nation's acceptance, in its maturity, of the arts as integral to life. But it may be, as Mrs. Jane Jacobs has so disturbingly suggested in her splendid *Death and Life of Great American Cities*, that Lincoln Center, like the lesser centers building or planned in Washington and other of our towns, isolated from the continuous flow of the living city, will become a sterilized aesthetic ghetto, an arena for the staging of the ceremonial functions of the Establishment, while the true life of art—and the really chic also —goes its own willful way in the ancient halls, or lofts and garrets, scorned and abandoned by the Planners.

● Toward the end of August the soccer team of Brazzaville, Congo played at Libreville in Gabon and beat the Gabon team, 3-1. On Sept. 16 a return match was played at Brazzaville, refereed by a neutral from the Central African Republic, and the Congo team won, 3-1. But the referee had nullified two Congolese goals. He had to be escorted off the field under police protection. The Gabonese returned to Libreville, stoned the cars of Congolese residents, burnt their houses, and beat up the occupants. Meanwhile, back in Brazzaville, Congolese mobs wielding clubs and beer bottle stumps terrorized the Gabonese residents. A thousand Gabonese residents sought sanctuary in a Congolese army camp. President Youlou of Congo proclaimed a state of emergency on Sept. 24. The Congolese quarter in Libreville has been burnt to the ground. On Sept. 25 Soapy Williams urged American investors to show "a greater spirit of adventure" in Africa.

● Celebrating its 40th anniversary this week, the two-million circulation Soviet satirical and humor magazine, *Krokodil*. Could it owe its survival in purge-happy Russia to the fact that it never made a bad joke in all that time? Or that it never made a good one?

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Let Them Go!

On international affairs it has become the custom for Congress to balk and shy a few months at White House proposals; enact a bill in one House that seems to give the President his comeuppance; send the House and Senate bills to a conference committee; and there in conference, shielded from popular pressures but exposed to all the whips and wheedlings of the Administration, to capitulate and grant the Executive just what he aimed to get in the first place. So it has been, year after year in wearisome repetition, with foreign aid.

But it is just possible that this time Congress may really be going to do, as well as say, things about foreign aid. The reason is Representative Otto Passman, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, who, having done all his homework on the foreign aid record, is resolved to block the usual runaround.

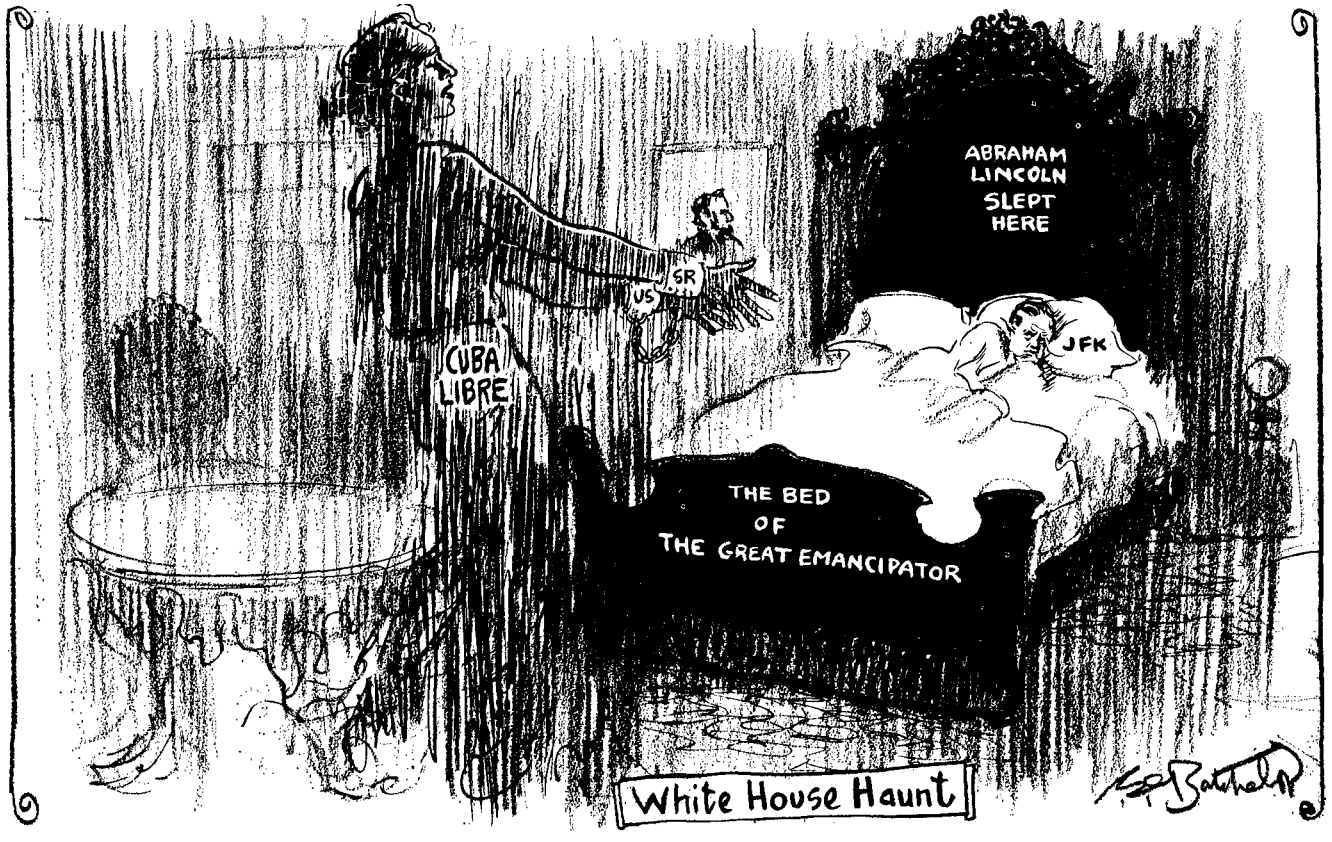
Chairman Passman is not alone. In Congress and among the citizenry at large a number of facts about our fifteen years of aid to others have sunk in fairly deep by now: that Western Europe, primed by the first (Marshall) epoch of U.S. foreign aid, is bursting with prosperity and sound currencies that could carry a sizable share of aid to underdeveloped nations, if Western Europe thought it worthwhile carrying; that the U.S. dollar is in bad trouble, in spite of a favorable balance of trade, precisely because of the deficit caused by foreign aid; that aid programs have in many cases been riddled with graft, inefficiency or plain absurdity; that no earthly benefit to this country has resulted from much of the aid program; that aid is shoveled out by the billions to nations that openly and harshly oppose the United States and the West.

Proceeding from so substantial a foundation of evidence and feeling, the House slashed more than a billion dollars from the White House requests, and inserted provisos that no aid except surplus food could go to Yugoslavia (now clasping Soviet President Brezhev to its bosom), Poland or other nations ruled by Communists, or to nations that sold or shipped strategic supplies to Communist Cuba.

It would be naive to suppose that all the Passman carving will stay carved under the conference committee processing (which should be concluded by the time this issue reaches readers). But we are going to hope that enough of his handiwork remains to justify the words of the foreign aid official who howled when he was first told of the cuts: "Why, we may have to fire a thousand of our people!"

The Martin & Mitchell Bill

In June 1960 two employees of the National Security Agency, the inseparable Martin & Mitchell, disappeared, and a few weeks later surfaced in Moscow, where they eagerly offered themselves for extensive debriefing on some of America's most intimate se-



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On the Right

Why Not Teddy?

There are reasons for voting against Ted Kennedy as numerous as the grains of surplus corn in Billie Sol Estes' granaries, but one of them is not that he is a brother of JFK. The anti-dynasty argument is an argument from dire weakness, and typical of the cowardly reluctance of many Republicans to challenge the Kennedy Administration head-on. The argument against electing Ted Kennedy to the Senate is not that he is a brother of Jack Kennedy, but that he approves of Jack Kennedy.

And, as we shall see, it is all Joe McCarthy's doing.

There is no tradition in America against dynasties, as such. The Adams family, *e.g.*, is one of the best things that ever happened to America, and the notion that a whole family should devote itself to the public service is altogether healthy and admirable. It does not, of course, follow that merely because one's name is Kennedy one is *eo ipso* qualified to help carry the weight of the world's problems on one's shoulder—a better case could be made for the contradictory proposition, on the basis of what is crystallizing as the Kennedy Approach to the aforesaid problems: but let Ted Kennedy be fought on other grounds.

If I may be permitted a personal reference, I am myself only one member of a largish tribe, all of whom, in our inconspicuous way, are actively engaged in fretting about world affairs. Recently Mr. Jack Parr and Mr. Gore Vidal, exchanging remarks about our venality on Mr. Paar's program, were so carried away by the possibilities of that great theme that Mr. Vidal actually compared the two families. "The Buckleys," he said happily, "are sort of like sick Kennedys."

"I can't imagine why you might take offense at such a statement," the Liberal and gloriously unpredictable columnist Murray Kempton wrote me gleefully. "Don't you understand that the principal illness of the Kennedys is *health*?"

A Loyal Group

The voters of Massachusetts are likely to react next November very much like the Senate of the United States when confronted at the outset of his Administration by President Kennedy's choice of Robert Kennedy for Attorney General. Robert had no easily discernible qualifications for that particular office, and I remember the *New York Times* practically expiring with exasperation at the naming of one's little brother as head of the department which punishes people for high crimes and misdemeanors, including certain kinds of nepotism. But the Senate went along, obviously on the assumption that so large are the President's responsibilities anyway, he ought to be allowed to choose his own team; and if he had nominated Eunice, he'd probably have got her in too.

Substantially the same thing is going on in the minds of the voters in Massachusetts: if JFK wants Teddy in the Senate, Teddy it will be, and never mind that he has had no experience—some of the most experienced politicians in the United States have made the worst public servants. And so the more Edward McCormack talked about dynasty, the more determined the voters showed themselves to dismiss the argument as irrelevant. The voters of Massachusetts are a loyal group. They were loyal for years, for instance, to Joe McCarthy.

Eyewitness to History

I am prompted to make public for the first time the only little piece of history to which I was ever an eyewitness. Senator McCarthy was in my home one day in the fall of 1952, when Eisenhower was running against Stevenson, and Representative John F. Kennedy was running against Henry Cabot Lodge, who was then senator from Massachusetts. The phone rang for McCarthy, and when he came back to the dining room he told us glumly that he had just been confronted with a dilemma. The caller was a member of Lodge's campaign staff, with a request to McCarthy that he go to Boston and make a speech in behalf of Lodge's re-election. McCarthy felt that as a dutiful Republican he had a formal obligation to go. On the other hand, he explained, Lodge had always opposed him in the Senate, most noticeably during the period of the Tydings investigation. By contrast, Jack Kennedy had always been friendly to him, and he counted him as a covert supporter—and Mr. Joe Kennedy, he said, had contributed money to McCarthy's anti-Communist campaign. . . . Suddenly he shot up, went to the phone, came back with an expression of overwhelming self-pleasure. "I cracked that one," he said impishly. "I told them I'd go up to Boston to speak if Cabot publicly asked me to. And he'll never do that —he'd lose the Harvard vote."

And so McCarthy stayed out of Boston, and so Kennedy won—by a tiny majority, which almost surely McCarthy, had he gone to Boston, would have overcome, for he was then the number one hero of practically all the Boston Irish. And if Kennedy hadn't won in 1952, he wouldn't have become President in 1960; and Teddy couldn't have run for senator in 1962. . . . Which makes McCarthy a dynasty-maker, doesn't it? His enemies must remember to add that to the list of his sins.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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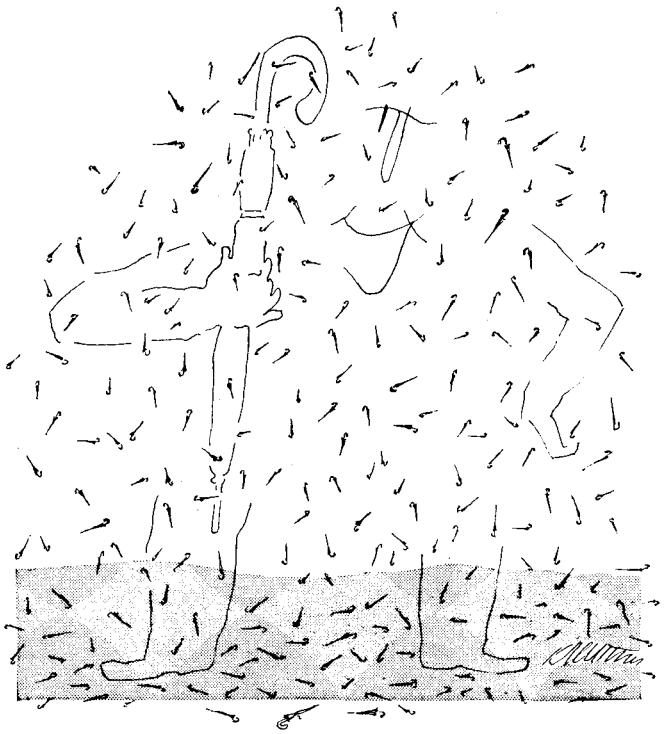
crets. The House Committee on Un-American Activities launched an investigation of security practices within the NSA, and came up with material that would curl your hair, assuming you are not James Roosevelt or John Lindsay. In due course, and after extensive hearings, HUAC submitted a Bill which carried the endorsement of the Defense Department and the NSA, tightening security procedures and extending to the Secretary of Defense the privileges of the old, so-called McCarran Rider: namely, the right, in his absolute discretion, to dismiss an employee from the NSA if a) in the Secretary's judgment his continued presence argued against the best interests of the national security; and if b) the Secretary could not find conventional means, consistent with the national security, of getting the employee out. Example: If the Secretary of Defense found that John Jones, working for NSA, was a Communist, but had that information from a secret informant whose exposure (for the purpose of submitting to Jones' cross-examination) would reveal a deeply buried American agent—the Secretary could, under the authority given to him by this Bill, quietly dismiss Jones.

The Bill came up for a vote in the House on Sept. 19, and was passed by 350 to 24, and it is hoped that the Senate will act before it adjourns, to write the measure firmly into law. An example, just one more example, of the continuing legislative usefulness of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and its continuing relevance to the problems of the national security.



"Know what I am? I'm Lippmann Fallout, and I'm deadlier than Nuclear Fallout, because I'm the forgotten (and therefore the irresistible) symbol of What Can't Happen Here!"

in

COMING ISSUES:

NATIONAL PRE-ELECTION ROUNDUP
by M. Stanton Evans

CED: TRAP FOR TYCOONS
by Wm. F. Rickenbacker

It remains to be added that the left crackpotterie came out against the bill, pleading its harshness toward John Joneses. The arguments of James Roosevelt *et al.* are as you would expect: that the right of cross-examination is an absolute right, not to be denied even where the national security is concerned. That is of course fanaticism, defined as the extension of a generally valid principle to preposterous lengths. Oliver Wendell Holmes made the distinction by saying that the man was correct who asserted his right to the air above his plot in building, say, a 100-foot-tall house; but that that man becomes a fanatic when he insists that his property rights extend all the way up to the ceiling of space. Fanatics are dangerous people to have poking around Washington in times of great national stress. Who are they? From New York, Reps. Celler (D), Farbstein (D), Gilbert (D), Nulter (D), Rosenthal (D), Ryan (D), Halpern (R), and Lindsay (R); from California, Reps. Cohelan (D), Holifield (D), Moss (D), and Roosevelt (D); from Pennsylvania, Reps. Moorhead (D), Corbett (R), and Fulton (R); from Ohio, Reps. Ashley (D), and Mosher (R); from Minnesota, Reps. Marshall (D) and MacGregor (R); from Missouri, Reps. Karsten (D), and Curtis (R); and (all D), Reps. Dingell (Mich.), Gonzalez (Tex.), and Staggers (W. Va.). Their constituents might want to cross-examine *them,* and determine whether their continued presence in the Congress is a security risk.

The New Protectionism

The Senate passed it, and now President Kennedy has his trade bill. This Great New Advance To Meet The Challenge Of The Common Market will allow the U.S. to lower its tariffs and get into the swing of free trade with Europe and points east, north, south, and not very well taken.

In the interest of free trade the bill was passed with special protective provisions for any industry affected by free trade, special protective provisions for any persons affected by free trade, and special

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RELOCATION BULLETIN 19
1 September 1961

TOILET FACILITIES

1. During the early stages of the move to the new building, toilet facilities will not be available at the new site. However, all toilet facilities in the downtown area will remain in operation until the move is completed at which time it is anticipated that all the toilet facilities in the new building will be activated. Upon activation of the facilities in the new building, the downtown toilet facilities will be rescheduled to provide for operation on Tuesdays and Thursdays, except national holidays.

2. Personnel assigned to the new building prior to the activation of all toilet facilities in the building will be expected to make personal provisions consistent with personal comfort. It is anticipated that prior to Christmas 1961 at least two temporary toilet facilities will be made available in the new building if funds permit. If installed these temporary units will be located on the seventh floor adjacent to the public telephones and in the second subbasement adjacent to the boiler room.

3. For security reasons personnel will not frequent gasoline stations, restaurants, and other public facilities in the vicinity of the new building with the intent of utilizing such toilet facilities, inasmuch as this will attract undue attention to Agency personnel.

4. Personnel are reminded that vegetation at the new building is U.S. Government property. Damage to or destruction of U.S. Government property is a Federal offense. Personnel are also reminded that some leaves of plants in adjacent wooded areas are harmful, such as poison ivy (3 leaves), poison oak, and poison sumac. Photographs of these plants will be posted at the main entrance to the new building at an early date.

DISTRIBUTION: ALL EMPLOYEES

provision for the institution of enormous new federal programs for job training, moving allowances, and Smoot-Hawley knows what all. To wit: special notice for watches, figs, linen towels, thermometers, stainless steel flatware, carpets, rugs, sheet glass, fur-pelt hats, garlic, smoking pipes, printed silk scarves (national defense, dontcha know), scissors, ground fish fillets, cloverseed, bicycles, lighter flints, velveteen fabrics, violins, umbrella frames, tartaric acid, baseball gloves, ceramic tile, straight pins, safety pins, clothespins.

Not to mention special Presidential promises to the oil industry, textile manufacturers, coal and timber interests, lead and zinc miners. It is the largest single tariff concession the Congress has ever granted to the Executive, and it includes plenty of provision for the President to *raise* tariffs.

This is hailed as a victory for free trade.

Hell, it's rampant protectionism, with a more dangerous twist than any this country has seen before. Because the President now has *carte blanche* for five years. Last spring when he squashed the steel industry by all sorts of roundabout acts of coercion, he exercised de facto control over a domestic industry. Now it is de jure. Next spring, or whenever, if steel wants to raise its price and Kennedy doesn't want it to, he won't have to call out the FBI at three in the morning. He'll just pick up the trade bill and the telephone and threaten to slash the steel tariff. And steel will back down. You wait and see. Kennedy has the power to control U.S. industry now. Congress just gave it to him.

How Safe is Space?

The Air Force Association, the civilian support organization of the Air Force, has just finished at Las Vegas the most sober and gloomy convention of its fifteen-year history. The Air Force, darling of the Pentagon and apple of the Budget Bureau's eye in the first decade after its birth as a separate entity, has fallen on evil days under John F. Kennedy. The Navy's Polaris submarines and the Army's special ground and strike forces steadily increase their share of attention and funds under the Kennedy-Taylor doctrines. These internecine feuds among the services are hard for a layman to judge, and in part no doubt are merely bureaucratic lunges at the appropriation pie. But more generally intelligible and unquestionably serious is the criticism delivered at Las Vegas of the assignment of the major role in space, very nearly the exclusive role, to civilian agencies, mostly to the National Aeronautic and Space Administration.

"The need for the United States to develop a military capability in space," states a resolution adopted at Las Vegas, "transcends partisan politics and questions of agency roles and missions. It calls for a searching reappraisal of our entire national space program. All of our space efforts, including the lunar program, must be measured first against the yardstick of military security. . . .

"Does it make sense," the Association asks, "to give primary responsibility in research and development for space to an agency which has no re-

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sponsibility at all for national security?" The Association's negative answer to that question becomes more and more convincing as we reflect that: 1) we are confronted by an enemy who fights the protracted conflict by all means and in all dimensions available to him; 2) the demilitarization of the space program expresses exactly the same soft Bowles-Rostow-Stevenson concern for neutralist opinion and a "peaceful image" that lost Cuba, accepted the Wall and quit in Laos; 3) many of the scientists in the civilian space operations incline to the ideas and attitudes rather of Robert Oppenheimer than of Edward Teller.

Bowles Is Back, Everybody

In denouncing "extremists," Mr. Bowles said that a "hot-blooded, hot-headed minority of Americans" appeared to assume that with "more energy and more weapons we can 'solve' our international problem as a doctor cures a disease."

New York Times

For months, a nagging question
Had irritated me:
Was Chester Bowles in hiding,
Or merely absentee?
The kids at Edward Murrow's
Were curiously cool.
(When queried, Ethel shouted:
"He isn't in *my* pool!")
Both Eleanor and Adlai
Just looked the other way.
Nor could I raise an echo
Among the ADA.
But then a New York paper—
The one that prints what's fit—
Confirmed he's just the fellow
I'm dying to commit.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes and Asides

Students are reminded that, pursuant to NATIONAL REVIEW's death-wish, we are offering a staggering bargain for academic-year subscriptions, namely $3.89. The relevant coupon is on page 275. Remember, the clock has started to tick—and the price does not come down, so if you put off buying a subscription another two weeks, you will pay the same, for fewer issues. Parents, a gift to your student at school? Or to any of the very long list of students who have given us their names, but cannot afford to buy their own?

For the Record

Twelve former French colonies in Africa expected to vote against admission of Red China to UN again this year. Ten of 12 have, in past year, established diplomatic relations with Free China.... According to State Department figures, the UN and affiliated organizations (UNESCO, WHO, UNICEF, etc.) will spend $502 million this year. U.S. share: 47 per cent.... Newly neutralized Laos has recalled her ambassador to South Vietnam; is expected to break off relations with Diem government.... Behind-the-scenes activity for the "neutralization" of South Vietnam (Krishna Menon is big advocate of this) gaining ground. Often mentioned as possible successor to Diem is Nguyen Ngoc Bich, a former Communist Party member, former member of the Communist Viet Minh, now living in exile in Paris.

Republican delegates to Texas State Convention a couple of weeks ago voted for Presidential choice in '64, as follows: Romney— 79; Rockefeller— 90; Nixon—147; Goldwater—1,115 . . . . A "Conservatives for Rockefeller in '64" movement is in talking stages; will not, of course, surface until after November elections.... Republican candidates around the country getting a lot of political mileage out of Teddy Kennedy's candidacy in Massachusetts. . . . Kennedy has refused to debate "peace candidate" Stuart Hughes but George Lodge, the GOP nominee, has agreed to take Hughes on in "Can We Win the Cold War?" debate.... It seems incredible but Washington rumor shops say Estes Kefauver might succeed Hugo Black, 76, on Supreme Court.

One reason Australia went along with New Guinea deal: Sukarno promised a moratorium on purchase of new Soviet MIGs. Australia is scared of Indonesia air force which is larger and better armed than Australia's.... A million-dollar movie studio given Indonesia as part of Technical Assistance Program is busy around the clock turning out pro-Communist, anti-American films.

India debating how it can get its hands on privately-owned gold, most of it in form of heavy gold jewelry, which is worth an estimated $3.5 billion.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

Cuba is the number one item of conversation here, so much so that on Capitol Hill "What's new on Cuba?" has replaced "When do you think we'll adjourn?" as the standard conversational opening. A well defined cleavage between the White House and the Legislative Branch is developing over Cuba. The Administration line is that our policy must continue to be one of watchful waiting, as Walter Lippmann expresses it. Here on the Hill the attitude is pretty close to unanimous. Regardless of party, most legislators feel that something more forceful than watching and waiting is called for.

Cato

The Republican National Committee recently took an opinion poll on the Cuban issue. It found that the nation is wrought up over this situation and most unhappy with the Administration stand. Moreover, the pollsters found (and this was a surprise to a few of the top brass at the RNC) that the great majority of those polled felt that President Kennedy was weak, in general, in his responses to Soviet moves.

Congressional mail has been overwhelmingly in favor of doing something about Cuba. The majority of letter writers favor sending the Marines in post haste. Others take a more cautious approach, calling for a blockade as the first order of business. But everybody wants action. And when you have such unanimity of opinion back home, it's a sure bet that Capitol Hill is going to demand something concrete.

During the week of September 17 there were several briefings on Cuba for members of both Houses. Most congressmen came away with the feeling that the Administration was not telling the whole story. The Soviet build-up is continuing, they were told, but the build-up is still in the defensive rather than offensive stage—a line which has satisfied no one. The White House obviously feels —or so its briefings would seem to indicate—that any overt action against Cuba at this time would lead to retaliation by the Soviets in Berlin and Asia.

But many of the foreign policy experts on the Hill insist that Cuba is the final test of will *before* the Soviet Union undertakes a blow-up in Germany. If we fail to act in such an outrageous situation as Cuba, the experts argue, the Soviets will be convinced, as they halfway are already, that the U.S. will not fight very hard to hold Berlin.

These experts point to Khrushchev's postponement of the final act in Berlin until after the elections as an indication that he plans to give the Administration plenty of time to move on Cuba if it intends to move. If it confines its activities to proud words and no action, they predict troubles — and big troubles — in Berlin.

While the public fixes its gaze upon such extemporaneous matters as the travels of the Kennedy clan the Left has been busily entrenching itself in the Government.

A few examples:

Almost from the very beginning the left-wingers have set their sights on the State Department's security offices. This attracted some attention right after Inauguration when the experienced chiefs of the security division were transferred to meaningless assignments. But recently little has been heard about this vital office. And the reason is quite simple—the office is just about finished.

It started when Salvatore Bontempo, a completely unqualified politician (subsequently allowed to resign), was given the top spot at security. Then Harris Huston, one of the nation's top experts on security procedures in general and a hard anti-Communist, was reassigned from his post as Deputy Administrator of Security and Consular Affairs and given a pleasant and unimportant little consular job in the Caribbean. Since that time the security office at State has gone steadily downhill.

In the Department of Defense the top brass is grumbling as it has never grumbled before. Most of the griping centers around the well-named "whiz kids in mufti." This group, headed by Special Assistant Adam Yarmolinski, reportedly has got its fingers into every nook and cranny of defense policy—"a whiz kid behind every door" is the way one disgruntled high-ranking officer phrased it the other day. What is particularly resented is that these civilians, the majority of whom have never been in important positions of command, have undertaken to dictate military policy at every level. "They're even involved in telling company commanders how best to take a hill," a top Navy figure told friends recently.

One result is a turn-about in defense policies for Europe which were built around the concept that nuclear tactical weapons would be used. The Marine Corps, which was leading the field in the development of nuclear warfare tactics (such as "vertical envelopment," which was built around the use of small tactical A-weapons), has as a result, in the words of one of its military planners, "gone completely non-nuc."

Another hassle, this one between the Defense Department and State, threatens to find its way into print. It concerns U.S.-financed missile bases in Canada. The trouble: Canada has thus far refused to arm her defense missiles with nuclear warheads. The Pentagon insists the bases are useless unless armed for instant retaliatory action, but State insists the dispute be kept under wraps.

Some observers on the scene who scoffed when Frank Kluckhohn's *"Listen America"* came out over a year ago and felt that the former State Department security officer (in the Eisenhower Administration) had overstated his case are not so certain after watching the entrenching tactics of the New Frontiersmen over the past eighteen months. This undoubtedly accounts for the new demand for the Kluckhohn book which was recently brought up-to-date and reissued as a paperback (Monarch, 75¢).

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Eldorado Revisited

Mr. Waugh finds little physical change in British Guiana thirty years later, but discovers something else typical of our age: the growth of hate

EVELYN WAUGH

One of the many sharp differences between my generation of English writers and our successors' was that we got about the world. Robert Byron, Mr. Graham Greene, my brother Alec, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Mr. Peter Fleming, Lord Kinross—to name a few of my own acquaintance—spent much of their youth in enterprising and arduous journeys. To find in the atlas a place about which one knew absolutely nothing, to go there for that very reason, was our preparation for what seemed likely to be a sedentary middle age.

For some—Mr. Greene in particular—the habit has proved ineradicable. I now regret having neglected so much of the then civilized world, now given over to tourists or terrorists. I regret the time and money wasted in clambering over the glaciers of Spitzbergen when I might have visited the temples and palaces of Indochina, but it was a more exhilarating occupation than attending literary congresses at whose sessions, it seems, modern young writers see the world. One of the places I visited during that unencumbered decade was the hinterland of British Guiana — Raleigh's Eldorado. Thirty years afterwards I went back.

In 1932 you might scan the English newspapers in vain for mention of that remote dependency. Now the Guianese are persuaded that they are of vital significance in world affairs. They would be disconcerted to learn how little the average educated Englishman knows about them. Their problems are acute and form, in their way, a microcosm of universal unrest. Moreover their problems are insoluble.

The first remark to greet the returning stranger was usually: "You must find a great many changes." The answer, during the first weeks, was: "Compared with my own country, the changes are negligible." Not for three generations has British Guiana been a colony in the generally accepted sense.

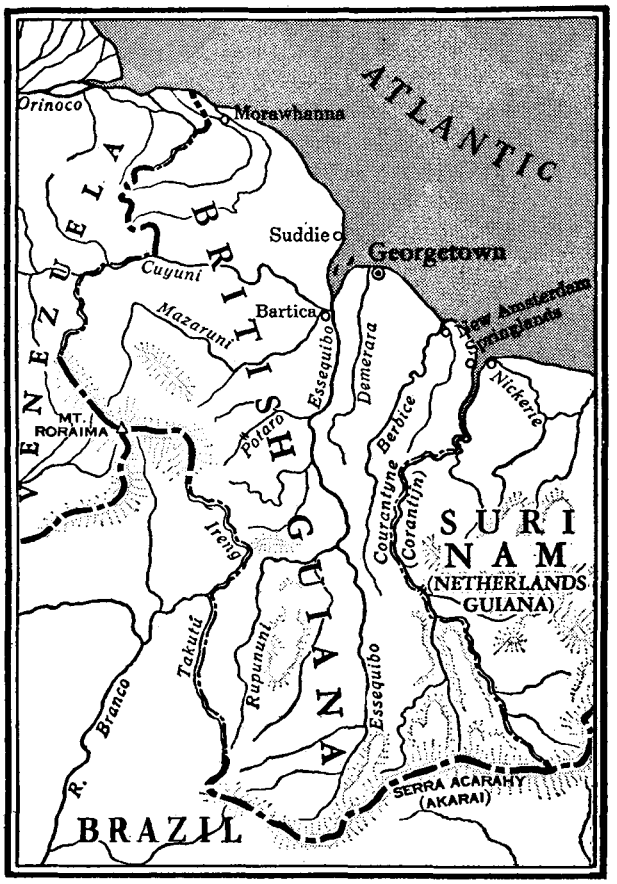
There are British and Canadian expatriates who work there, and intend to retire elsewhere. Guianese of pure white stock, with roots in the country, are almost exclusively Portuguese. They form (with the Chinese) a small, educated and, in a few cases, moderately prosperous bourgeoisie.

Tricks of the Trade

No agitator can denounce a class of "settlers"; nor can he claim that national lands have been usurped. The original inhabitants are some 25,000 tribal Indians (now dubbed Amerindians) out of a population of half a million. Nor can the agitator claim that the land is held by armed force. One company of British infantry represents the entire might of empire.

To speak of Guianese "nationality" is an orator's trick persuasive at councils of the United Nations, but meaningless on the spot. The main population is part Negro and part Indian; the latter are the latest comers, mostly from Bihar. The races seldom mixed in the past and are now fiercely antagonistic to one another.

Nor has the territory any geographical unity. Five great but barely navigable rivers divide it from north to south; except on the coast there is no communication from east to west. Four distinct areas comprise the narrow alluvial strip between the estuaries, forest, swamp and the open highlands of the Brazilian border. The territory is the size of England, but its half-million inhabitants are densely crowded into the coastal strip. The efficiency and devotion of the colonial sanitary service has, by eliminating many formerly endemic diseases, greatly aggravated the problem. There is now poverty and unemployment but, even so, the condition of the poorest is better than that of the poor of most states in Central and South America. A century-and-a-half of British rule has preserved them from the calamities which befell the "liberated" colonies of Spain and Portugal. The Guianese politicians are now demanding sovereignty. A visit to their sov-



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ereign neighbours and to Haiti would be more instructive to them than their jaunts to New York.

"You must find a great many changes"; not in the white, wooden houses and pleasant avenues of Georgetown and New Amsterdam, not in the forests and rivers. The cattle trail to the highland savannahs, up which I once rode for many weary days, is now impassable. An air service carries the meat of the Rupununi to the coast and brings up tinned milk, rum and such luxuries as the ranchers can afford.

Bread has appeared there. Also jeeps. These greatly impede communications. Thirty years ago every ranch had its corral of ponies which were freely lent to the traveller from stage to stage. It was heavy, hot riding but, starting before dawn, as the sun set one reached one's destination. Now the jeep is often out of repair and the cost of petrol onerous, and there are few ponies. Only the Amerindian bullock carts still follow the old, slow ways.

On a Delicate Balance

A new town, self-contained, well planned, with many amenities for the senior staff and high wages and salubrious conditions for all, has sprung up in the bush where there was only a ramshackle mining camp thirty years ago. It is called Mackenzie and is the creation of a Canadian firm which extracts bauxite.

Highly efficient automation and the superior quality of the raw material enable it to keep pace with its colleagues in other countries. An engine costing nearly a million dollars moves a thousand tons of surface-sand an hour and is manned by a crew of ten. The plant works ceaselessly day and night. The balance of prosperity is delicate. There are many other sources of bauxite in other parts of the world. Revolution on the Cuban model could result in complete closure at Mackenzie.

The other big industry is sugar. Here the Guianese are at a great disadvantage to their competitors. A benevolent company, with wide and deep ramifications in the commercial life of the colony, controls what were once private estates and still bear the picturesque names of their former proprietors. Booker's have set up their own welfare state in the last twenty years, but they cannot modify the hard facts that the price of sugar is as artificial as that of diamonds, that the plantations lie below sea level so that their expenses in drainage, irrigation and conservation are far higher than those of more favoured territories, and that they depend on subsidy mainly controlled by the United States. The labour on the sugar estates is almost entirely (East) Indian, and at Mackenzie, Negro.

Growth of Hate

What changes did I find remarkable in British Guiana? Not the new bauxite town, not the jeeps on the savannah, not the air-conditioning in Georgetown. The great change was something more typical of the modern age than any of these things. It was the growth of hate.

Thirty years ago the Guianese had been down-at-heel, lackadaisical, easy-going. Now there is something new and ugly; something that is popularly called "political consciousness."

There is no consciousness of "colour" in Guiana. Indeed, I attended a performance of an Australian comedy in which the cast of amateurs was bizarrely mixed, all speaking in accents which differed from pure BBC English to broad creole, and a black girl playing the mother of a white daughter, so that throughout the play I assumed her to be a nannie and was puzzled to find a proletarian Australian served like a patrician Virginian.

But racial antipathy is rampant and new—the direct result of the attempt to introduce representative government on the basis of universal suffrage. "You coolie man go home in the ship that brought you"; "You black man, wait, we make you slave like you belong," is a typical street altercation. Guiana must be the only place where you find a Negro advocating *apartheid*.

The sage of Buxton, Mr. Sidney King, is no crank but a sad, imaginative Negro, a former Minister of Education. He wishes to see the two communities constitutionally separated, each with its own government. For the Negroes have lately become aware of the fact that they have been outbred by the Indians and are in a numerical inferiority which will grow more marked in the next generation. Given independence, they believe, they will find themselves in an Indian colony.

This realisation overshadows the hopes of independence to which the Negro party is committed in its programme; individually and privately most of them admit that they would prefer Crown Colony status. At present the Negroes greatly predominate in the police and in the local defense volunteers. If the Indians are to give full effect to their victory at the polls, they must raise their own militia or invite a Communist garrison from Cuba or elsewhere to replace the British detachment.

In religion the Negroes, Amerindians, most of the Chinese and, of course, the Portuguese are Christian, while the Indians are Hindus with a minority of Mohammedans. In social habit the Negroes are improvident, intemperate, adventurous, gregarious. They either live in the towns or seek their fortunes (usually disastrously) in the spare diamond and gold fields up the rivers. The Negroes emigrate. The Indians stay at home with deep attachment to the soil; they are frugal and polyphiloprogenitive.

Neither race has in general any ideology. It so happens that the Prime Minister, Dr. Jagan, who has captivated his fellow Indians, is a Marxist with many close bonds with the Communist Party. He has lately expelled the anti-Communist member of his Cabinet, Mr. Rai. His supporters know nothing of these foibles, but believe he can in some unspecified way enrich them. Such wisdom and responsibility as exist in Guianese politics belong to the Portuguese Party, who can never hope to attain power under a system of popular suffrage.

Not Ready

Such are the intractable problems which win Guiana an occasional paragraph in the foreign news. No collection of people could be less "ripe for democracy" or even for one-party dictatorship. It is with a sense of relief that the visitor escapes from the claustrophobic, steamy, haunted atmosphere of the coast into the hinterland.

There, thirty years—three hundred years for that matter—have made little change. The forests still teem with animals, reptiles and insects. The Amer-

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indians still travel in their dugout canoes and fish with the bow and arrow. They have guns and never miss a shot. They are clothed and Christianized, but they still live the secluded lives which Raleigh first disturbed.

Unlike the compact, stockaded villages of Africa, the Amerindian settlements are a haphazard litter of huts, each almost out of sight of its neighbour. Rum has reached them, and their drinking parties are now often briefer and fiercer than their former slow, dull, traditional bouts of intoxication with their fermentations of cassava. They fear that the black men will eat their children. Few of them have seen an East Indian.

"We have two loyalties, to the Queen and to the missions. We want to be left alone," a chief told me. In the beautiful swamp country of the Moruka they have ancestral memories of "liberation," for there among their multitude of islands, they took refuge from Venezuela when they lost the protection of the Spanish crown. They talk of returning, if they lose the Queen's protection. And on the savannah they talk of crossing to Brazil rather than fall under the rule of the coast people.

In the Rupununi almost every position of authority is held by the descendants of one man, a Scotsman named Melville, and his two Amerindian consorts (one of whom is still alive). They are not rich. Their rule is not comparable to that of the old ranchers of the Argentine or Mexico. They are simply the accepted leaders of the scattered community. Their ramifications of cousinship defy the genealogist.

The State in Eldorado

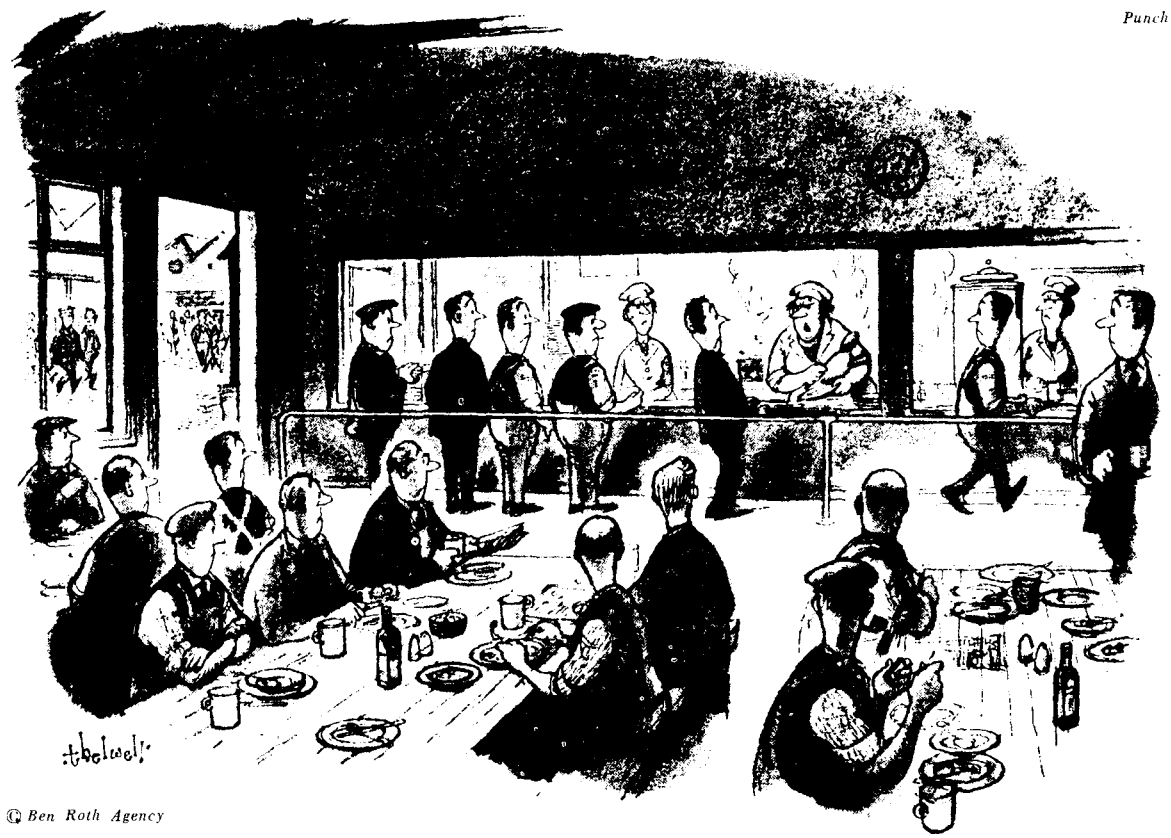
To end this sketch on a happier note, the transformation of Boa Vista should be mentioned. Thirty years ago this settlement on the Rio Branco, four days' stiff ride into Brazil, was the desperate dead end where the outlaws of the country came to die. There was no symbol even of law. There was no means of livelihood. Every man carried a revolver—the only man in regular employment was a gunsmith whose speciality was to file the mechanism of these weapons so as to give them "hair-triggers"; every man had malaria, and most had syphilis. They lay all day in their hammocks, hating one another and shaking with fever.

Now, by a whim of the federal government, it has become a state capital. It has 15,000 inhabitants. Each of the rapidly succeeding governors (four last year) has left his mark in grand, unfinished and abandoned buildings. There is a regiment of soldiers, a busy mission school and hospital, a large hotel which has no food or (when I was there) water, and almost no visitors.

Government officials have quartered themselves there. All who are employed are government officials. Their small salaries reach them irregularly from remote Brasilia. There is nothing to buy. They seem to subsist entirely on water-ices and cigarettes. They have a bishop and two churches and electric light for an hour or two most evenings.

But unlike their odious predecessors they are all smiling and welcoming. The girls are pretty and smart. Murder is comparatively rare. As long as the money arrives from the central government they are a happy people. It is too easy, with Guiana in mind, to condemn all state interference. In Boa Vista, preposterously perhaps but effectively, the state has been beneficent. It is just conceivable that something of the kind could happen in Eldorado.

Punch



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"Don't talk to me like that—I'm not your employer."

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The Third World War

Common Market Dialectic

JAMES BURNHAM

As it becomes successively relevant in one after another nation, the issue of joining the Common Market of the West arouses an identical pattern of response that cuts across standard political lines. The extreme Left, Communist and non-Communist, and the far Right are invariably anti-Common Market; the tendencies in between are internally divided.

The motives are naturally more varied than the two bare practical alternatives. The Communists oppose entry into the Common Market because they judge that its development strengthens the West in relation to the Communist empire. The far Right reaches the same practical conclusion from the very different premise of traditional nationalism. The non-Communist Left is opposed because it thinks that the Common Market reinforces capitalism, weakens local labor through fierce competition and labor mobility, and hardens the Western Cold War posture. The globalist left flank is against the Common Market as "an instrument of neo-colonialism," which in the words of *New Statesman,* tends to "divide the world into a white bourgeoisie and a colored proletariat. Peace as well as prosperity [depends] on our ability to break down this international class system. The Common Market can only reinforce it." Moderate globalists, however, are for the Market as "a step in the right direction."

Freedom and Restraint

The technologically advanced sectors of Big Business, along with international finance and the export trade eager to face the challenge of huge, active mass markets, tend to be pro. Smaller and more old-fashioned business tends to shy away. Trade unions, especially of the higher-wage nations, are upset at the prospect of Market-wide labor mobility and loss of their local guild privileges.

The pages of NATIONAL REVIEW have reflected some of the divergencies of opinion among American conservatives and libertarians. NATIONAL REVIEW's point of view has been generally favorable: to the initial six-nation Common Market; to its enlargement through the adherence of Britain and the other Outer Seven countries; to its further expansion into an Atlantic Common Market with the United States in close association or even full membership. At the same time NATIONAL REVIEW has taken note of conservative objections, notably expressed in Prof. Milton Friedman's analysis [*NR,* May 22, 1962]. Prof. Friedman takes a dim view of the Common Market. He contends that it is at best a farce that will soon break down, and that so far as it does function, it promotes not genuine free trade but new forms of restriction, control and cartelization.

Now the very fact that the issue of the Common Market cuts across usual lines is a proof that it is outside normal ideological boundaries, and thus escapes easy settlement by deduction from ideological premises. The Common Market is something new, and has got to be dealt with empirically, "existentially."

If it is true that the Market strengthens the West against the Communist empire, it is obvious why a Communist should be against it and why a Westerner who gives priority to the struggle against Communism should be for it. But it is more puzzling that men of intelligence and good will, having similar general views, should report such contrary sightings when they look at the Common Market: one seeing a new restrictive, inhibitory institution; another, a structure that expands the areas of freedom and well-being.

The explanation is partly that the observers are looking at different aspects of the new entity, the Common Market, but partly that the new entity has both potentials, and still others. The Market is not something given, mechanical and fixed. It is a creature of time, organic and changing, and it is very young still. What it becomes later on is not decided in advance, any more than it is sure whether a vigorous baby will end up a statesman or a burglar.

In its potential, the Common Market seems to me the most promising international development, in fact the only promising development, of the postwar epoch. In potential, the Market means not the "little Europe" of what the French call "the Hexagon," but a Western economic and political community expanding and deepening from this beginning in the Hexagon to Britain and the peripheral nations of West Europe; across the Atlantic to North America; incorporating Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Rhodesias; gradually drawing in, to the degree that their economic and political development permit, the nations of Central and South America; finding ways to bring within its advancing field more and more of the new nations of Africa and Asia; exerting an ever more powerful attractive force on the now captive nations of East Europe; assembling the combined strength that can resist the enemy rulers of the Communist empire at the same time that it beckons to their subjects.

What Might Be, Can Be

This is the vast perspective that lies behind the day-by-day bargaining and clashes that have surrounded the Market since its pre-history. Right now it faces a crisis in the issue of Britain's entry. Britain has always looked out from Europe to all the world. If Britain now joins, the Market will be shifted outward toward the perspective that I have outlined. If Britain does not join, then the restrictive, introverting potential, symbolized by de Gaulle and stressed by Prof. Friedman, will take over.

When Britain gets in, the Atlantic Common Market will move up the agenda. Already we feel the gravitational power of the Atlantic Market—economic analogue of NATO in the growth of the Atlantic Community. The Trade Bill just enacted, though riddled with inconsistencies and bureaucratic excrescences, is a response to that pull which may, within a few years, become inescapable.

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Billions for Defense—How Much for Waste?

Congressman Wilson digs up proof of incredible waste in defense procurement and winds up persona non grata with Secretary McNamara and the Pentagon big spenders

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has suggested that at least $3 billion of the taxpayer's money could be saved by proper procurement procedures. Others less defensive than the Defense Secretary insist that the military budget could be reduced by $12 billion if the Pentagon applied the business rules Mr. McNamara learned as president of the Ford Motor Company to the purchase of military hardware.

Even $3 billion could go a long way towards cutting down the Kennedy budget deficit. But Secretary McNamara and his subordinates take extreme umbrage when one of the major causes of waste in defense spending is pointed out to them. That cause, simply, is the refusal of the Pentagon hierarchy to award contracts by competitive bidding. Instead, it prefers a cozy arrangement whereby favored companies are selected as the "sole source" for items needed by the military services. Representative Earl Wilson of Indiana has estimated that roughly 80 per cent of all Pentagon procurement is done on a negotiated "sole source" basis—though the law expressly calls for competitive bidding except in cases of emergency.

Obviously, life at the Pentagon is one big emergency.

Congressman Wilson has been fighting a lonely battle to force Mr. McNamara to practice what he preaches, and what the law demands. His ammunition has been facts and figures from the watchdog General Accounting Office and from the Pentagon. This has irritated Secretary McNamara no end, and he retaliated by cutting Mr. Wilson off the Pentagon mailing list. The excuse given has been that "a separate reporting system" is not "justified"—an obvious stall since the material on new contracts goes out automatically to technical journals and to other congressmen. This standard form of New Frontier censorship may get the Pentagon off the hook temporarily, but it hardly shows any interest in remedying a bad situation.

There are, moreover, enough cases in Congressman Wilson's files to keep him busy for quite a while. "When woven into a full story," he says, "they paint for me a picture of gross waste of taxpayers' money, almost unbelievable mismanagement, and possible duplicity on the part of government appointees." Duplicity is a mild word, for the FBI has already unearthed evidence of corruption.

Typical Cases

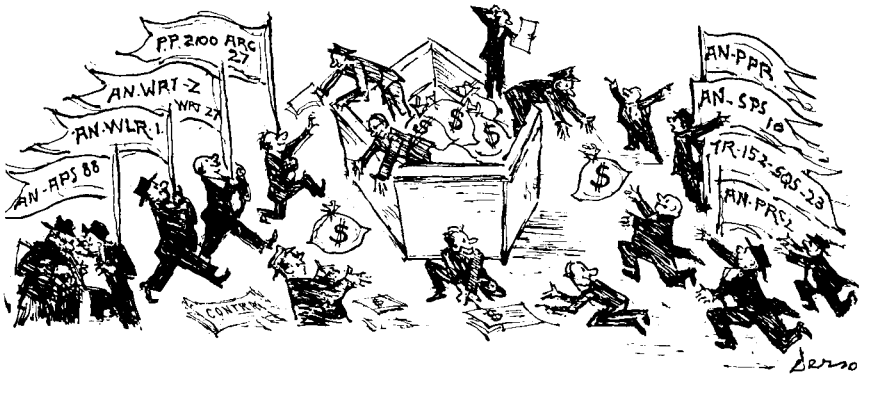
In an effort to bring out into the open the story of how "sole source" negotiated contracts add 30 per cent to procurement costs, Congressman Wilson submitted eight typical cases to a House Armed Services investigating subcommittee. They bear recapitulating:

1. *The TR-152/SQS-23 Transducer.* This was to have been negotiated by the Navy's Bureau of Ships on a "sole source" basis. However, an "outside" firm offered an unwanted bid. The "outside" firm's bid was lower than that of the favored company, so the Navy called for another bid. This time the favored firm reduced the unit price from $100,000 to $70,000. Because the Navy was forced to allow a certain amount of competition, the government saved $1 million.

2. *The AN/SPS 10 Radar.* The original "sole source" contract called for a per system price of $40,000. Subsequent "sole source" contracts were for $27,000 and $33,297. When competitive bidding was introduced on this item, the low bid was for $17,083—but already the Pentagon had paid out $3.9 million more than would have been necessary had there been competition at the outset.

3. *The AN/WLR 1 Electronic Countermeasures Receiver.* All the facts are not in from the General Accounting Office in this case. But this much is known. A contract was awarded on a "sole source" basis at $60,000 per system. Later, another "sole source" bid was accepted—at $15,000 per system. When open competition was introduced, the price fell even lower. Had the equipment been bought from the start at competitive prices, there would have been a saving of over 75 per cent.

4. *The PP-2100/ARC 27 Power Supply.* This transistorized power supply is used on Navy and Air Force planes. It was designed for a radio in use, to replace existing power supply units. On the ground that delivery was "urgent," a $2.5 million contract was negotiated at a unit price of $360. When more units were needed, competition was permitted and the unit price fell to $180. Had competi-



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tive bidding been allowed from the start there would have been a saving of $1.25 million.

5. *The AN/APS 88 Airborne Radar.* The Navy negotiated a "sole source" contract for 51 sets at a unit price of $30,000. It asked for bids on 57 more sets, which it was able to purchase for $17,247. The Navy Department is now negotiating a new contract for the AN/APS 88, excluding all companies with the exception of the *high* bidder who lost the contract in open competition. For the original 51 sets, the government was overcharged $561,000.

6. *The AN/PDR 43 Radiac.* Under "sole source" negotiation, the Navy paid $871.45 each for 44 sets. Three "sole source" awards negotiated by the Navy for some 1,500 sets exacted prices ranging from $490 to $657.67. But when, finally, the bidding was open, the unit cost dropped to $247.20. The overcharge, therefore, can be estimated at $600,000.

7. *The AN/PRC Portable Radio.* The Army Signal Corps Agency farmed out its awards to three firms for ten years—a very long "emergency." The unit price for the last non-competitive award was at a unit price of $404. Some $30 million was spent on the AN/PRC before bids were taken from all comers. The unit price then dropped to $286.29—though production costs had obviously moved up with the wage-price spiral. Now, the Army is returning to "sole source" contracts on this set. A wastage of $8.5 million was not enough.

8. *The AN/WRT-1 and the AN/WRT-2 Radio.* The first "sole source" negotiated contract called for 430 sets at a unit cost of $29,725, for a total price of $12.8 million. The second contract called for 617 sets at a unit cost of $19,200, for a total price of $12.1 million. Pressure from the electronics industry forced the Pentagon to call for bids. The unit price fell sharply to $10,498—but not before the government had paid $25 million for radio sets that could have been bought at a little more than $10 million.

These eight cases were submitted to the Hébert subcommittee by Congressman Wilson. He also turned over his documentation. For some reason, the subcommittee considered a ninth case involving the AN/PRC 41 radio. In this case, the contract was about to be given to Company A on a "sole source" basis. Congressman Wilson asked Company B to bid—a perfectly proper procedure under the Armed Services Procurement Regulations code. The Contract Division of the Navy's Bureau of Ships, however, refused to entertain this second bid, offering as its reason that drawings and specifications were not available.

Mr. Wilson persisted, obtaining the necessary data which he passed on to Company B. Its bid was more than $1 million below that of Company A. The Navy, nevertheless insisted that Company B, which does a $100 million electronics business, could not handle the assignment. Company A has been charged by Congressman Wilson with having failed 40 times out of 66 in meeting its contract delivery dates. Nevertheless, the Navy insisted that it was necessary to give Company A the contract because speed of delivery was essential. In the course of the investigation, it was discovered that 1) the responsible Navy officials had approved the "sole source" contract with Company A after considering the question for twenty minutes—though it took two days of hearings to explain it to the subcommittee—and that 2) the Navy had secretly amended its procurement rules to allow the Contract Division to reject out of hand any unsolicited bids. The subcommittee did not rule on the Navy's contention that Company B was excluded because it would have "lost money" if its bid had been accepted. But in its findings and conclusions, the subcommittee noted:

"The PRC 41 is marked 'urgent.' In subcommittee reviews over the years the words 'urgency' and 'emergency' have been so overworked that they have almost lost their meaning. The first instinctive approach is to ascertain what is being covered up. . . .

"The selection of this sole source producer appears to have followed proper procedures. All the required words were present. . . . However, this subcommittee is not impressed with heavy reliance placed upon such sentences as 'drawings were not available,' 'details were not available' . . . 'model not available' and many other stock conclusions. It may be easier (and perhaps safer) to overemphasize what is missing and thus make it appear more difficult for another source to compete. . . . While the papers are correct, the same tired phrasing leaves a little chill behind it."

Embarrassing Information

Taking up the secret Navy directive permitting the contract officer to reject unsolicited bids, the subcommittee noted that in 1959, the Chief of the Bureau of Ships had specifically informed Congress that Navy policy was precisely the opposite. Said the report: "The subcommittee denounces the action of the Bureau of Ships in attempting to set up this new policy and for following it without notice to anyone. . . . A secret policy, of doubtful legality and irregular in its origins, has caused the Navy to be publicly criticized. . . . The eight purchases referred to by Mr. Wilson on June 7, 1962, and submitted by him to the subcommittee, are matters in which the purchase has been completed. Therefore, the subcommittee regards the disclosures therein as cumulative. Each points to abuses arising because of the use of negotiated sole source procurement."

It was assumed that, once informed of the facts, Secretary McNamara would have immediately knocked a few heads together. But this is not the way things are done on the New Frontier. Instead, as I have already noted, he simply cut Congressman Wilson off from sources of new and embarrassing information. Simultaneously, the Pentagon began to threaten reprisals against any defense contractor who furnished Mr. Wilson with evidence of other refusals to allow competitive bidding.

In July, the Pentagon applied the icing to the cake. Robert Snoyer, a Santa Monica, Cal., businessman, had been approached by two Signal Corps

(Continued on p. 270)

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Letter from the Continent

Growing Disillusionment with the U.S.

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

It is obvious that few things are more difficult than holding together a coalition of free nations with constantly changing governments, subject to ever changing currents of public opinion. The United States is the unchallenged leader of such a coalition. And those dedicated to maintaining a common front against the Soviet Union have always countered, if not repressed, any too vocal criticism of America. There have always been two types of "professional critics" of the United States: European conservatives, who see the United States as the epitome of anti-traditionalism, the very essence of modernism and the root of many of the evil changes which have beset the Old World since the Revolutionary War; and the extreme Left, which attacks America as the Wall Street-dominated, supra-bourgeois, capitalistic fortress of a new imperialism. The conservatives, in recent years have restrained their criticism to a remarkable degree, partly because they sensed that anti-Americanism plays into the hands of the Communists and partly because they have started to realize that their picture of America is basically false. To picture the United States as a country of dollar-worshipping neo-barbarians who fall for everything new just isn't true, they now realize.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

No Strategic Concept

But there is a growing uneasiness (on the Continent probably more so than in Britain), a new and mounting distrust of American foreign policy and of the New Frontier team. The critics concede that the President's advisers may conceivably be good tacticians but they do not—in the opinion of many thinking Europeans—have a coherent strategic concept. This real weakness is due, many Europeans argue, to the inner emptiness of these men, most of them left of center, who are regarded (rightly or wrongly) as rootless intellectuals without a sense of history and without comprehensive vistas of the world. This is partly the thesis of William S. Schlamm's very profound new German book, *Die Jungen Herrn der Alten Erde* (The Young Masters of the Old Globe), the advance copies of which have already created quite a stir.

The newly mounting irritation with the United States is not really due to suspicions of America's military strategy but to the *inconsistency* of Washington's international outlook. To cooperate with a nation animated by an ideology one does not agree with may be unpleasant. Yet, a fixed ideology is at least a framework of reference. It is when the rules of a game are questioned, when a nation no longer sticks to its self-enunciated "sacred" principles, that its partner is left in the dark.

For more than fifty years America has insisted on being the "champion of democracy," a term identified in most minds with self-determination. When the peace arrangements of 1919 and 1920 ended with a flagrant violation of that principle, Woodrow Wilson's helpless position at home was held up as the excuse. Tricked by Clemenceau and Lloyd George and rebuffed by Congress, Wilson appeared a lonely hero, a victim of illness, a live monument to American "innocence."

When this tragedy was repeated in the Cairo, Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam agreement of the '40s the image of a sick President was again conjured up. When America once more disregarded its avowed principles and turned Eastern Europe over to the Russians, there was nobody to raise a voice in protest. The Allies were indebted to America and the defeated had committed too many crimes to be allowed to pass moral judgment.

Now, it can be argued that self-determination is not a "good thing" under all circumstances. If the majority of Italians were to vote Communist, the United States would, willy-nilly, applaud a non-Communist dictatorship. Hitler, in his way, was the product of self-determination. (In Peru the ruling military clique, after all, serves a better purpose than Haya de la Torre and his APRA.)

International Blackmail

But when America pressures the Netherlands to relinquish her position in New Guinea to an Asiatic power, against the express wish of the local population, what is the world to think? Do the West Papuans really want to join Indonesia? We know that they don't and that they have not the slightest desire to exchange an expert and benign colonial administration (which promised them eventual liberty) for rule by one of the most disorganized and inefficient countries in the world. This was a case of international blackmail with the United States both helping the blackmailer and pressuring the victim. The bitter accusing words of Dutch Foreign Minister Lens should not be taken too lightly. Does the United States expect gratitude from Indonesia? Will she not end up being quite generally hated by her allies and despised by her enemies? And in pursuit of what?

The answer seems to be that the State Department clearly is out to win the favor of new nations no matter what the cost. Surely the United States is friendlier towards India, which flagrantly ignored Goa's right to self-determination, than toward tiny Portugal, her victim. Europeans suspect that tomorrow America may sacrifice West Berlin to appease the Russians, or Formosa to please Mao. As a result of recent anti-colonial developments, Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal, and Britain are filling up with first, second and third generation colonial residents and they are not particularly friendly towards Moscow—or towards Washington. The concept of America as the stalwart defender of liberty is being challenged today as perhaps never before in history.

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Special Report

Motivating the Elite

JOHN E. EICHENLAUB

When Sputnik I streaked across the skies, American thinking about education went through a revolution. After decades of envious egalitarianism, our schools abruptly undertook stimulation of the intellectual elite for the sake of their potential contributions to us all. One Edison, they suddenly realized, makes a million jobs a generation and greatly improves our national strength.

Superior *training* for the intellectual elite is only the first step in a logical progression, however. Thus far, we have failed to follow up with its equally vital successor: superior *motivation* for the already-trained adult. On the contrary, the motivating factors over which we have any national authority either ignore or carefully stack the deck against the intellectually difficult professions.

The Tax Structure

Take the tax structure, for instance. A man who invests in any doctorate sinks the equivalent of $40,000 in training before he begins to get returns. About a third of this is cash outlay, the rest allowance for his time (figured super-conservatively at the minimum wage and average work week). If the student bought a business with that $40,000, our tax laws would let him reduce his taxable income each year for depreciation. If he bought a farm, proper management would maintain or improve land value for his heirs. But he can neither deduct depreciation on his training or pass it on intact. Its amortized value runs to nearly $3,000 for each year from graduation to retirement, but every dime is taxed as income.

His lifetime income is taxed at an extra high rate, too. Most learned and technical professions compress lifetime earnings into relatively few years. A brain surgeon seldom hits his stride until he's thirty-five and usually has to taper off at sixty. At average earning rate, he pays over $75,000 more income tax than if he spread the same earnings over a normal working career from age twenty to sixty-five.

Nobody really decided to place such a heavy tax burden upon highly-trained professions. However, nobody revised punitive rates when inflation pushed normal professional dollar incomes up into brackets considered opulent when the tax rates were established. America has thus backed into a tax structure which penalizes occupations calling for seven years or more of training after high school so severely that none of them yields a lifetime income after taxes which is more than twice the national average, and most yield considerably less. A lifetime income after taxes of two and a half times average has usually proved necessary in the past to attract enough top men into the professions, in view of the long period of self-sacrifice, the long hours and the heavy responsibilities of professional life.

Our present system not only decreases the financial attractiveness of professions, but also drives the most able and successful men to partially abandon them. For instance, a kidney specialist whom I'll call Harvey Jones earns a substantial income, principally because he has capacities much in demand. Yet he spends about one-fourth of his time managing investments—a job for which he has no special training or flair—simply because his tax situation makes ordinary earnings much less valuable to him than capital gains.

As a nation, we have been prone to look on high earned income as fair game for seizure in behalf of the poor, rather than to see that most men of high earning capacity can do more than any others in the nation to improve *everybody's* lot—the nation's, the worker's and even the poor who catch the crumbs from increased productivity. We have not asked: "How much must we leave these men out of each dollar to keep them working at full capacity?" We have only asked: "What can he do with so much money?" Yet an industrial engineer who doubles production makes each worker twice as effective for the nation as well as adding to his employer's profit. A doctor who cures a thousand patients every year eases misery and builds national production as well as earning a high income for himself.

Other Motives

Of course, many of the intellectual elite have a drive toward knowledge and achievement in which money plays a relatively small part. Many of them *want* to know about stars or atoms or rocketry, and feel grateful to a university, an employer or a government which will provide them with tools and opportunity to investigate. Also, the respect and stature of professions generally maintains itself for a generation or two after any change in their economic position. My generation formed its ideas about union executives when they were poorly trained and virtually unpaid agitators and about airplane pilots when they were stunt men at the county fair. We will never put these professions on a par with medicine and the law, even if selection of applicants, period of training and economic position make them merit such a rating. These factors bring only about half of our most gifted and creative people into the professions. They do not direct professional energies into the most useful planes. But they do provide a basic intellectual, scientific and engineering work force.

America cannot help but limp along in the race toward greater progress when only half of its elite has been drawn into the professions, and even that half suffers economic enervation. The keenest capabilities lead to nothing without motivating drive. The right to keep a fair share of what they earn, coupled if possible with public recognition and awards, might well spur our key citizens to much greater achievement. The resulting increase in productivity and progress would certainly help the whole nation and everyone within it, not just the elite themselves.

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The Marmeladov Approach

To a meeting of secret agents in an abandoned boxcar somewhere in Mass., Perorgi of CIA outlined a devious plan: and the New Rochelle Peoples Ballet was no more

WILLIAM F. GAVIN

New Rochelle had set the pattern. Despite occasional calls for national unity in the face of the New Rochelle Peoples Ballet, the general tone of the press was one of sympathy for the leaders of the New Rochelle experiment. The Fair Play for New Rochelle Committee gave this sentiment its ultimate expression in its booklet, *Ballet or the Bomb—It's Your Choice:*

"Just what, in effect, has the Peoples Ballet done? We are asked to believe that these artists are in reality the skulking agents of a so-called Communist Conspiracy! The reactionary press bombards us daily with charges of Armed Invasion and Red Terrorism! Let us remember how little these self-appointed witch-hunters had to say about the years and decades of cultural lag in New Rochelle—a lag deliberately fostered by the vested interests themselves!

"We are told that the Peoples Ballet entered New Rochelle by a mass parachute invasion. That's a handy formula for those who will not or who cannot distinguish between imperialistic intervention, which is their own way of doing things, and honest people-to-people greetings. We are told that the majority of New Rochellists did not want a Peoples Ballet. This is a deliberate, malicious distortion. It is true there was no general call for cultural freedom, but what are we to expect from an area that has been notoriously anti-culture—an attitude fostered by slum lords and the State Department—an area that has been a hotbed of neo-fascist anti-ballet exploiters? It is ironic that we, who should be proud to welcome a government of artists rather than stooges, are the first to rail against the only progressive and not necessarily Communistic move toward world understanding."

In the general acclaim it was overlooked that the Fair Play for New Rochelle Committee had omitted to mention in its booklet that the Peoples Ballet dancers wore paratroop boots, that the prima ballerina was a man, that the Peoples Ballet used Russian weapons and costumes, and that the presence of armored tanks could not be explained by their role in the classical ballet. The consensus was that peaceful cohabitation should be our policy toward this interesting new development.

The Hoboken Declaration

Then Point Pleasant received the Peoples Ballet, then Hoboken, and with the entry of Hoboken into the system of government by artists, the North American Peoples Organization for Cultural Understanding was established. This was born of the Hoboken Declaration ("Hoboken for the Hobokenites!"), which impelled the President to address the Congress in terms of cautious regard for the feelings of the emerging nations: "We live in an age of revolution . . . perhaps history will say that here . . . in the United States . . . the union of the arts and of the people's yearning for freedom and dignity was consumated." The Federal Government adopted a policy of amicable watchfulness, supported by an increase in domestic welfare programs and foreign aid programs.

In line with this new policy the President appointed Professor M. Arnold Perorgi as the new director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Admittedly the appointment of this professor of Russian Literature at a small Midwestern college was considered a joke by those who knew anything about the CIA. This once powerful organization had almost withered away. CIA men lied about their jobs to their children, because it was not unusual to find neighborhoods that were openly united against the sale of property to members of "hate organizations." Perorgi as head of CIA? The laughter rose to a roar.

"Dostoevsky with cloak and dagger! Perhaps the right wing will demand an investigation of Tolstoy!" Thus the editor of a certain New York newspaper howled, eager to join in the fun. In a short while even the most ardent advocate of hard anti-Communism admitted the truth: our system of intelligence was merely another lost cause.

Professor M. Arnold Perorgi knew all of this when he addressed his aides for the first time in a meeting

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held in an abandoned boxcar somewhere east of Lynn, Massachusetts. Perorgi was a small man with a bald wrinkled head. Pausing to brush the excelsior and hay from his suit (he had arrived concealed in a packing crate, a method both furtive and—considering the CIA budget—necessary), he cleared his throat, awaking two veteran spies, and announced, quite calmly:

"Gentlemen. We are going to be responsible for the overthrow of Communism in the world within one year. Within a few weeks we will free the Western Hemisphere of subversive elements. In perhaps six months we will force the slave masters of the Kremlin to abandon their hold in Europe. Within a year we will bring China out of the bondage of Marxism."

Someone snored. Only this and the sound of measured breathing broke the silence. In the corner of the car two agents played chess. Then a young agent arose and, pulling off his putty nose and Peoples Ballet whiskers, stared at Perorgi. The young man's eyes were brimming, a condition caused either by extreme idealism or an allergy brought on by the boxcar's atmosphere.

"How—how will we d—do this?" he asked.

"By an understanding of the nature of the Russian people as expressed in the literature of that country. I presume that you gentlemen are familiar with the novel, *Crime and Punishment*? Good, that will save precious time. As you know, the Russian soul is at once proud and humble, ecstatic and miserable. Until this moment we in the West have disregarded our most important weapon —the Marmeladov Approach. We have refused to appeal to that yearning in the Russian spirit, that desire for suffering and abnegation. Marmeladov, the father of Sonia in *Crime and Punishment,* shall be our model. Here is my plan. . . ."

Two days after the meeting in the boxcar, Dmitri Kopekov, Minister of Peoples Entertainment, New Rochelle Peoples and Artists Republic, sat at the bar in the Peoples Lounge of the Comrade Hilton Hotel in New Rochelle. He was a pleasant-looking young man, sure of advancement in his chosen field (Peoples Entertainment was, of course, the interrogation section of the secret police). Meditating on the newest discoveries in people-to-people communication, he placidly sipped his drink. Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned and found a fat loutish man wearing a ragged black dress-coat with all its buttons missing except one, and that one buttoned, evidently as a sign of respectability. A wrinkled shirt front, covered with spots and stains, protruded from his waistcoat.

"Honored sir," said the lout, "excuse me for this unpardonable interruption. But will you be so kind as to do me a great, but also hopeless service?"

"What is it you want?" asked Kopekov, amused by the lout's evident seriousness.

"Beat me! Flog me! I am a worthless nothing."

"What did you say?" (Kopekov rose from his chair.)

"Beat me! Here," the ragged man said, handing Kopekov his shoe. "Beat me!"

"Why should I beat you? I don't even know you," said Kopekov, drawing away from the mouldy shoe.

"It makes no difference! Beat me! Look!" The man began to hit himself on the head with his own shoe. "I am a beast by nature. My little Sonia is ashamed of me! He-he-he! I am a swine. I am a buffoon, so to speak. Buy me a drink. He-he-he!"

Kopekov backed away. There was something fascinating about this crazy, dirty old man. Perhaps it was his color, which drifted from olive-drab to sea-green depending on the severity of his self-inflicted blows. Kopekov searched his mind for a method of dealing with such a maniac. The Ballet Manual never mentioned things like this.

"Oh, perhaps this is a laughing matter to you, honored sir," cried the battered lout as he rained blows on his own head. "You may think—he-he-he—that I—he-he-he—enjoy doing this. Pity me! No, *don't* pity me. I am a worthless beast. He-he-he! Allow me to grovel at your feet. Beat me! Have a cucumber sandwich and a piece of black bread and *then* beat me. It makes little difference. I will not change. He-he-he, so to speak!"

With that, he removed his other shoe and gave it to the startled Kopekov. Kopekov stared at the shoe and then, in a timid but determined manner, began tapping his own head with the shoe.

Cucumber Riots

When the secret police arrived it was too late. All the Russians were pelting each other with shoes, cucumbers and black bread. No one knew how the supply of cucumbers and bread appeared in New Rochelle. The ragged lout could not be found.

In a few weeks the Peoples Ballet had withdrawn from the boundaries of the United States. There were reports of mass cucumber and shoe riots behind the Iron Curtain. Only one fact was agreed upon: at the scene of each riot, a man in a black dress coat, with one button buttoned, had been reported. Within a year the Communist tyranny was but a black memory. The death of Khrushchev (from self-inflicted blows with his own shoe at a UN session) hastened the inevitable collapse brought about by the Marmeladov Approach. Liberals hailed the great victory as proof of the benefits of cultural exchange. Conservatives argued that the riots were the result of a hard anti-Communist line taken by the West.

Only Professor M. Arnold Perorgi knew the truth. But who would listen to a man who held meetings in a boxcar? Perorgi was indicted for misuse of funds, stemming from the charges brought against him by an embittered pickle manufacturer.

Alas, all of Perorgi's work was in vain. The remaining Communists borrowed Perorgi's method and, using the works of Norman Mailer, adapted their forces to the realities of the American soul.

And, brothers and teachers, they didn't need even *one* cucumber!

Hoffa the Beam

It seems Hoffa's hoffantimes hoffaly tough;
He sounds hoffa lingo that's raucous and rough;
And though he won't lay hoffa dealing with crooks,
He somehow gets hoffa the law's sharpest hooks.
Oh, who'll knock him hoffa the trail that he treks
And offa to take Hoffa hoffa our necks?

BERTON BRALEY

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The Coming Vatican Council

. . . will boldly face up to pressing problems within the Church itself: greater use of the vernacular, a married diaconate, the staffing of the Curia

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

Rome has never fascinated me more than during the two months which I spent there this spring during the final preparations for the coming Second Vatican Council. If the success of the Council depended solely on the personality of the Pope, success would be assured. No Pope has ever been more popular with Protestants who fully appreciate the fact that his attitude is not that of a Pontiff calling on erring children to return to the fold but of a great Christian ready to admit that Catholics must accept their share of responsibility for the tragedy of a divided Christendom. Everybody is impressed by his unassuming humility. He visits the sick in Roman hospitals, the convicts in prisons. He prohibits applause in St. Peter's and has simplified the ceremonial in his personal contacts. The *Daily Mirror,* a left-wing daily paper with a popular appeal, headed an article "John the Jolly." The first time he met the press he sat down, not on the throne but on a chair at their level and talked informally about the importance of not distorting the truth.

The Pope is generally believed to have been favorable to the *apertura a sinistra.* An English Archbishop said to me, "Well, anyhow an *apertura a destra* would be fatal. Italy is far behind England in social services." On the other hand, the correspondent of one of the most famous European papers felt that the *apertura a sinistra* was unnecessary since the elections did not show any real movement toward Communism and that it was a mistake to give any unnecessary prestige to the Socialist leader Pietro Nenni who is really a fellow traveler. Anything which strengthens the extreme Left was, in his view, a mistake. Communism, though not at the moment advancing, is still formidable. The Italian Communists are rich because all trade between the East and West has to pass through a company which they own. *Unitas* is brilliantly edited; its sporting photographs the best in Italy. Togliatti is the world's ablest Communist. The line at the moment is to appear very moderate and friendly to the Church.

Pius XII was an aristocrat but the present Pope comes of peasant stock and is felt to be much nearer the people. When Milan industrialists offered positions to his relatives the Pope made his displeasure known. Pius XII overworked, but the present Pope will not make that mistake. He gives no audiences on Thursdays.

A New Departure

The Pope was greatly encouraged by the courageous initiative of the Archbishop of Canterbury who called on him. The subsequent visit of the Moderator of the Church of Scotland was in some ways even more surprising. These courtesies mark a new departure in relations between Rome and other communions. Nobody expects revolutionary steps toward reunion to be taken by the Council but there is every reason to hope for far greater courtesy and charity in relations between Christians of different communions. And the importance of such a change cannot be exaggerated.

The Council will be mainly concerned with changes in the Church. The bishops are divided into a conservative group and a progressive group. I use the word "progressive" because I have heard it used in connection with this group, but wish I could think of a more attractive label. Most of the bishops north of the Loire are progressives, most of those south of the Loire conservative. The German and Austrian bishops are pressing for great changes, and are foremost in their anxiety to conciliate the democratic sentiment of the age, as for instance that the elaborate ceremonial of vesting the bishop at the altar should be dispensed with. The general point of view of this group is expressed in a book which has created no small stir, *The Council and Reunion* by Hans Küng, a native of Switzerland and now Professor on the Catholic Theological Faculty of the University of Tübingen. The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna wrote an introductory message to the German, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Lille to the French, edition. The book has been enthusiastically received by leading Catholics in many countries but is disliked by the more conservative theologians, particularly those in Italy who have succeeded in preventing the publication of an Italian

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translation. Father Küng is a courageous young man, still in his early thirties, for it needed courage for a Catholic priest to express the earnest hope that there would be no new Marian dogma "defining Mary as co-redemptrix," to act as a barrier to reunion. Father Küng quotes Peter Canisius, a Doctor of the Church, as recognizing "that things have crept into the cult of Mary which disfigure it," and a distinguished theologian, Otto Carrer, as condemning "the intolerable exaggerations of the Madonna cult in Latin countries." A bishop with whom I discussed these observations said, "It would be very difficult if Our Lady was defined as co-redemptrix to make clear to simple people the tremendous difference between her position and Christ's. That is more important than the reaction of Protestants to a new definition. Many influential members of the Curia maintain that it is improper to allow dogmatic definitions to be influenced by Protestant reactions. At the moment there does not seem much danger of a new Marian definition, but one never knows. The demand might come from Mexico perhaps, and once any group of bishops begins to ask for a new definition there is no precedent for any other group to petition against it."

A Catholic layman summed up his objections as follows: "I say the Rosary every day and precisely because I have a great devotion to Our Lady, I should hate any new definition which exposed our devotion to ridicule. When Disraeli persuaded Queen Victoria to accept the title of Empress of India most Englishmen felt that he added nothing to the glory of being Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and that the new title was a deplorable vulgarity. I feel much the same about those who believe that the title 'Mother of God' requires these Byzantine embellishments."

Among the many questions which will be discussed before and during the Council is the question of the vernacular liturgy and the married diaconate, of particular importance in the mission field. Some humorist circulated a story in Germany of a priest advertising for a housekeeper and adding, *"Nach dem Konzil Heirat nicht ausgeschlossen"* (marriage not excluded after the Council).

The Curia, which corresponds to the Civil Service in the government of the Church, is mainly Italian. There is always talk of the need to internationalize the Curia, but "what good would that do?" an American priest remarked to me. "The Curia has its own *esprit de corps* and the non-Italians are often even keener supporters of the traditional methods and outlook than the Italians. The recent Papal pronouncement on the importance of Latin in the Church was very much to their taste. They would like all seminaries to teach in Latin, and I must admit that the Church does need an international language so that when we meet each other we can always carry on a conversation. We have our students for eight years in the seminaries and, if we wanted, we could insure that they spoke Latin. But that means constant practice in *conversation*. Many of our bishops, who could score full marks on a Latin prose exercise, are rusty as conversationalists." He told me a story which delighted Rome and which was characteristic of a great Cardinal who is also a great wit. (It may be as well to explain that the Catholic Church in Communist countries is often referred to as "The Silent Church.") At one of the commissions the Cardinal started speaking in English. The chairman interrupted him and suggested he should continue in Latin. "In that case," said the Cardinal, "I must represent the Silent Church."

Italians and the Curia

There are many non-Italians who are quite satisfied that the Italians should be more influential than any other country in the Curia. An English Benedictine said to me, "The Italians have a special vocation for this kind of work. They are realistic and tolerant about human nature and don't expect too much of it. And they do not use their position to promote the interests of their own country. They certainly believe that Italians have a special talent for this work, but they are not nationalistic in the way that the French or Germans might be nationalistic if they were running the Curia."

His views were confirmed by an English friend of mine, a Catholic diplomat who for many years served in the British Legation to the Holy See. "I had many contacts," he said, "with Italians in the Curia. They seemed to me completely international in their outlook."

Probably the best solution would be to leave the Italians undisturbed in control of the Curia, but to maintain in being a very valuable commission, originally designed for this Council alone, a commission mainly consisting of those Cardinals who are also diocesan bishops. An annual meeting in Rome of the leading diocesan bishops would help the Curia to keep in touch with the problems of Catholics in countries where Catholics are in the minority.

BILLIONS FOR DEFENSE

(Continued from p. 264)

civilian officials who offered to get him lucrative contracts on payment of a $48,000 bribe. He informed the FBI, and when the officials asked for $1,500 in payment for their efforts up to that time, he met them for dinner accompanied by an FBI agent who was introduced as an associate. The money, in marked bills, was handed over while other FBI men observed the transaction—and the two officials were arrested for bribery and conspiracy. Again the New Frontier spirit asserted itself. Mr. Snoyer was harassed and threatened by the Signal Corps. Sub-contractors with whom he had dealings suddenly found it conveniently unwise to do business with him.

Meanwhile, back at the Pentagon, Secretary McNamara instructed his aides to brush aside a growing volume of mail by stating to perturbed taxpayers that Congressman Wilson did not "give the committee any evidence to support his charges of wrongdoing." For Secretary McNamara, a "secret policy of doubtful legality and irregular in its origin" and a series of abuses were of little moment.

And so it stands today. The military budget grows larger and larger—and so does the waste. Contracts are negotiated at inflated prices, sometimes for mediocre work. And Secretary McNamara, admiringly described by his claque as a "human computer," leaves such mundane matters to his subordinates. After all, he's much too busy muzzling generals.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists

Some people who for the first time are told about the national ISI think they are being guyed. How can there be a society of individualists? One may be reminded of an interesting exhortation by an anarchist newspaper to the members of the Federation of Iberian Anarchists, during the Spanish Civil War: "What Catalonian Anarchists need is better organization."

Kirk

But though the choice of the Society's name, nearly a decade ago, may have been injudicious, the Society's reality in 1962 is indubitable and beneficial. The Society has taken for its purpose, expressed on its letterhead, "the advancement of conservative ideas on the campus." The earnest and energetic Mr. Victor Milione, the Society's executive director, has moved steadily to a practical and soundly conservative position; and under his guidance, ISI seeks to encourage students to think about the first principles of order and justice and freedom.

On dozens of campuses, chapters of the Society sponsor well-known speakers, publish magazines and bulletins edited by students, and distribute a wide range of books and pamphlets. This August, ISI held three regional summer schools for student leaders—at Lake Forest College, in Illinois; at Post College, in Long Island; and at the University of California, Berkeley. I spent several days at the two former seminars, and I found most of the students well prepared, alert, and eager to learn more; in general, the level of ability was higher than I found it at similar meetings two years ago. A Southern office will be established soon.

Not an "action" group, the ISI never takes partisan positions, nor does it take stands on current legislative controversies. A tax-exempt charitable and educational foundation with national headquarters at 629 Public Ledger Building, Philadelphia 6, the ISI has no big angel, and welcomes contributions from everyone interested in guarding the legacy of our civil social order. It publishes a regular bulletin, *The Individualist*, and has released the first number of a quarterly, *Under Thirty*, which reprints the best articles from conservatively inclined student publications throughout the country.

At its summer schools, the Society sponsors lectures on political theory, history, economics; it holds classes in public speaking and debating. Among the professors who have given series of lectures recently are Eliseo Vivas, the critic and philosopher; James Wiggins, the sociologist; and William McGovern, the political scientist. Now Mr. Milione considers the possibility of offering college credit for the summer courses. Most of the summer school students make an appreciable sacrifice to attend, by giving up summer jobs for two weeks.

The New Influentials

As J. M. Keynes remarked once, today's lectures in the classroom become tomorrow's slogans in the street. Already the ISI is beginning to exercise an influence upon American life. One eminent ISI graduate is the editor of a big metropolitan daily; several are rising lawyers; others are making their mark as college instructors and as public school teachers; some have gone into practical politics.

Edmund Burke, by the way, is a name to conjure with among the ISI students. Some of the members incline toward Burke the champion of tradition—as described in the books of Ross Hoffman, Peter Stanlis, your servant, and others—and some toward Burke the champion of ordered liberty, as praised by F. A. Hayek and "libertarian" (a word, incidentally, rejected by Professor Hayek) critics: but probably all of them find in such statesmen and men of ideas as Burke and Adams the modern sources of social wisdom. Fanaticism has no place in the Society, and its organizers gently discourage students from following in the steps of such eccentric anti-collectivist zealots as—as we have occasionally identified.

In those dear dead days almost beyond recall when I was an undergraduate close beside the winding Cedar's sloping banks of green, no such temperate and intelligent national student organization existed in America, and precious few campuses had even Republican and Democratic Party clubs which paid any attention to ideas. Marxist study clubs and radical student congresses were the disorder of the day. But in 1962 the initiative has passed to such serious philosophical - political organizations as ISI, and to such courageous political action movements as Young Americans for Freedom. One needs to remark, parenthetically, that today's student conservatives in general are noticeably better informed and in more satisfactory contact with social realities than are the bulk of the conservatively inclined citizens of middle years.

One of the most intelligent and best-hearted students I met in my undergraduate years was a Communist, gently preaching dialectical materialism. He died young of tuberculosis, and so was spared the bitter disillusion he would have experienced in the forties. I know no such generous and literate Marxist students nowadays. That young man's present equivalent is the humorous and devoted conservative student leader; while the Marxist student of 1962 is erratic, embittered, and unpopular. Thus cheerfulness does keep breaking in.

There are no lost causes, says Mr. T. S. Eliot, because there are no gained causes. In every generation, the struggle between order and anarchy, between true freedom and the servile life that masks itself as levelling emancipation, is fought afresh. And the students whom I met at the Society's summer schools are good evidence that our society is not altogether unregenerate.

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Three Poems

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

Aware of Inconsequentials

I grab at falling leaves
and fillip leaf-pleasures
from the top of my head,
renouncing nothing definite
in law or consequence.

Three paces behind me
you walk, your hands
entangled in your hair,
your eyes like candles,
expecting no importunate wind
to blow them out.

You hum and careen
gamely in my wake,
dodging piquantly
my cast-off leaves;
and so we reach
the confident town
in which we live and
stop to count our children.

Sometimes there are three,
often six, and there abounds
a heathendom of dogs, cats
and rabbits, but a glory-be
grandmother is there baby-sitting
with her bible ringing clear
and confident from her mind.
We do not count her in,
because we know she knows
our carelessness, our wantonness
when we go meandering through
the falling leaves but leave
no footprints on the day's
complicities and often forget
all laws of averages and needs.

Gathering Years

The mundane side of the elements—
the thunder, the tides, the rains—
challenges and yet repels me as
I sit twiddling my thumbs and
remarking to the insentient wife
that the new remoteness from
our children isn't peculiarly ours,
nor yet something nearly divine,
but belongs to bullfinches, cats,
petrels and even storms and cycles.

That we are floating wanly away
on a hulk of old romance and
sad domesticity, that the matters
she knits and tats into words
with a sacredly tended puzzlement,
that the middle years await only
her, her alone, like a closed
curtain, isn't for provocative worth,
no more than her mild scolding
of me in front of incontinence.

Still the doubts rumble and
the hesitations drizzle on, but
birds fly over in sure formations,
and crickets grow shriller on
a hill poised like Calvary on which
a watertower stands clear as
celluloid
and naked like guilt. But she sees
only the pink roses at its feet
and rebukes me for scorning the
thorns
in the crown which I never wore.

The eternal facets of clothes,
of houses and chairs, the glass
ashtrays on glass table tops
confront me minutely with some
perishable flakes of loyalty on
my hand, which melt before they
touch the lips. She murmurs:
Father and husband, let us evoke
a little two-inch tableau of our past,
yet puzzles not why men must weep.

Nuptials in Abeyance

Give me the blueprints of your
foibles, eye me with your
prejudices, stick a rose in my
mind as if I were a vase, or
pour me out in the promised
swimming
pool like a new solution, patent-
pending. Tell me the olden, cleanen,

proven stories to wit and to woe,
shake me like dice to mark
the waterloo in my eyes; so thickly
credentials and pride stand about
I am a sore denizen for love
already denied, and you
belittle me and I shall follow

after to the ends of life, a tan
woodchuck wandering on a leash
to be taken into town and out.
And now that I have spoken
and relieved you of an answer,
trust is scratched in platinum
with a date exact and minimum.

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Jungles of the Imagination

GUY DAVENPORT

Within the imagination that generates novels there are impulses of incalculable complexity. We read novels with an appetite little understood either by psychology or criticism or ourselves, allowing the articulate imagination of another to project, as vividly as a movie onto a screen, upon that retina which physiology has not yet discovered, *our* imagination. In this amazing, accepted, even unsuspected theater we can witness, with the advantages if not the accomplished understanding of the ranging angels, any spectacle the novelist can construct. To take the act of reading thus is, of course, to indulge the tricky fallacy that fiction is somewhat real, that artists are magicians, and that we readers are perfectly passive, perfectly accurate perceptors. None of these statements, from the top of this column to where your eye is now, is true.

What the artist makes us see is indistinguishable from what we ourselves see, and the transmutation of reality by the novelist ("Ah yes, Lewis Carroll, England's Zola," a friend remarked recently) can scarcely compete in magnitude with the endless fantasias into which we rearrange our own perceptions of reality. We read novels because we are convinced that they are *not* fiction, and value beyond any practical consideration the privilege of knowing the content of other lives—which, just as everything and nothing is true in a work of fiction, we can know so well that we weep, laugh, and change our ideas and behavior, and which, we soberly realize, we can never know at all.

The Thin Red Line, by James Jones. Scribner's, $5.95
The Inheritors, by William Golding. Harcourt, $4.50
Strike the Father Dead, by John Wain. St. Martin's, $4.95

The first novel, allowing the *Odyssey* that distinction, is a tale told by a cunning liar to a gathering of Phaeacians, a people so blatantly nonexistent that Homer carefully makes them an exception to everything even a mythomaniac Greek could believe. Slyly Homer inserts his self-portrait at this point: a blind poet, seeing inwardly only. The tissue of lies, once we start peeling, is thinly wrapped. The *Odyssey*, as far as Homer commits himself, is a charming alibi told by a draft dodger who disappeared for twenty years from a farm in or around Corcyra, turned up one day desperately down and out, beat up a lot of gentlemen trying to be nice to his wife, and gave an account of himself swallowable by ten-year-olds only. Art has never been so consummately honest since.

These homilies about the sleight-of-hand of fiction are necessary if we are to escape an insidious comparison of Mr. Jones' Guadalcanal with the war records (he warns us not to try), or a consultation of Sir Leonard Woolley to check up on Mr. Golding's prehistoric heroes, or any other appraisal that assesses these novels as transcriptions. They are fables.

JAMES JONES' *The Thin Red Line*, echoing in its title both Kipling and Tennyson and "cheerfully" dedicating itself to "those greatest and most heroic of all human endeavors, war and warfare," is as fiercely painful an imagining of the Guadalcanal campaign as we are likely to have, and is one of the few descriptions of combat which can be put beside T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and Ford Madox Ford's *A Man Could Stand Up*.

The action is classically restricted to one infantry company's history between debarkation and its ruined emergence from a series of hill battles. There are no filler flashbacks; for 495 pages the illusion persists of fatigue, death, and *faute de mieux* sex. By the first fifty pages the accurate spelling out of army vocabulary becomes a kind of Homeric formula and an authentication of the inexperience of the young American upon whom so much horror is carving its scars. Nor does Mr. Jones mar his narrative with unnecessary deviation (except his title) from the diction of his characters. He notices an occasional vista with a Stevensonian eye, elicits the help of "curious" and "curiously" every other page, but otherwise writes a prose unnoticeable and homespun.

The "inheritors" of William Golding's novel are primitive Europeans whose technological advance (log canoe, bow and arrow, flint knife) over their Neanderthal predecessors will win them the earth. We see the newcomers with Neanderthal eyes, comprehending through superstition and the helplessness of the forest-floor, grub-gathering folk that into the world a strange new people have come.

Mr. Golding keeps his eerie tone by describing every detail concretely, so that only gradually can we make out what a canoe is, or the reindeer-masked medicine man, or the mechanism of a bow. As in *The Lord of the Flies*, an irrational fear explodes into ordered life, changing that life irrevocably. And again the suspicion is that not the malevolence of the world but man's self-wounding fear of it lies at the root of our religions and broadest concepts of our own nature.

"Take but Degree away, un-tune that string," Ulysses says in *Troilus and Cressida*, "And hearke what Discord follows. . . . Strength should be Lord of imbecility, And the rude

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Sonne should strike his Father dead . . ." John Wain in his fifth novel constructs a story in which degree stands firm but is tragically misunderstood. A provincial English classics master cannot comprehend that his son is a musical genius, because the music is jazz. This convincing novel of father and son, with its situation as ancient as Mr. Golding's people, still bears in its modern reconstruction a perfectly valid, new impact. The close-grained content of the novel is built up by three narrators; the setting is the nightclubs of London in the Blitz.

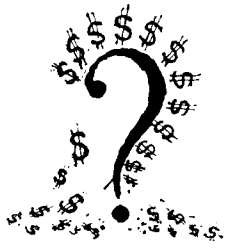
In each of these novels the writer has posited a jungle as a symbol of the complexity of the world: Guadalcanal, the oak forest of prehistoric Europe, and the double-faced symbol of Mr. Wain's novel in which the son's jazz is to the father a primitive reversion to a vicious vulgarity, and the father's Edwardian primness and tyranny are to the son a suffocating undergrowth to be escaped from. Just beneath the surface of all three novels is the persistent modern dichotomy of energy and its denial; or, as the symbol habitually shapes itself, a tangle or density which can be cleared by extraordinary force only. It is energy—war, jazz, technological superiority—that claims the import of these novels, the subject which the fiction generates. Why so much concern has appeared in the modern novel, and in so many disguises, for energy, exuberance and force is a question hard to answer, but the concern has been there since Butler and D. H. Lawrence, and remains a dominant theme, popular and satisfying.

This Little Piggy Stayed Home

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

A million, ten million, the moon: you name it, and I'll find a book that tells you how to lay your hands on it. And if the book happens to deal with investments, it's wrong.

Take Mr. Leon Allen's book. A couple of years ago this courtly gentleman bought me a lunch in one of the Wall Street clubs, handed me the pamphlet which has served for many years as the prototype of this book, and explained in detail his system of investment, which boils down to this: let the rising stocks rise, and sell pretty quickly the stocks that have turned down. How to know when to sell? Make an arithmetical average of the closing prices for the last (censored) number of days, and when the recent prices go below this moving average by a certain (trade secret) per cent, sell. Likewise when you buy. All on the assumption that a recent trend, unless interrupted, will continue. Which amounts to a forecast, although Mr. Allen denies that he forecasts. The system also involves studying the past, in terms of stock prices, even though Mr. Allen makes a special point of pooh-poohing the statistical analysis of stocks (earnings, dividends, capital ratios, and the like) on the grounds that this is "past history." So the intellectual basis of the system is suspect, because it is inconsistent—even though Mr. Allen is an extraordinarily successful manager of other people's funds. He is honest enough to admit that much of his success is owing to "art" or "feel." In which case, why not forget the system and write a book about financial intuition?



Dr. J. J. Brown, a management consultant in Montreal, undertakes to explain the world of investment and financial analysis. His book is the finest single volume of the scores I have perused. It is literate, methodical, complete, and humane: "The goal of every thinking man," he says in closing, "must be to requite the gift of life by leaving the world a little better than he found it. By systematizing the financial side of your life, you can find time and money to work on things that really matter."

Dr. Brown lays much stress on the beginnings: save a little money, get a little insurance, and steel your nerves for the inevitable disappointments and whirring rumors. Take a poke at ventures while you're young, and if you lose your kitty, start saving again. The man who so instructs us started from zero, saved up, lost his savings three times, and hit his stride on the fourth try. He now has a controlling interest in five companies, an eleven-room house, an investment portfolio, and two fairly freshly minted automobiles. By disclosing his personal financial position he establishes an important precedent in the literature of riches and the getting thereof, and the ingenuousness of his remarks lends great interest to his comments on the ethical dilemmas of brokers who are also underwriters, bankers who are also stock advisers, and people who write books on how to get rich. As a basic manual on every aspect of family finance, Dr. Brown's book has no equal. But the ultimate question remains unanswered: How many of his readers will have the discipline to save, the courage to venture, the tenacity to try again? Psychic strength comes not from the reading of books.

Dr. Richard H. Rush has turned a brilliant academic career into an even more brilliant entrepreneurial career. I gather he inherited some funds, which he has millionified by seeking the unswept corners of the financial world: buying second mortgages, discounted consumer finance notes, discounted notes from art dealers, short term notes from finance companies. As a general rule, he is satisfied with 18 per cent return, yearly, on investments in which he assumes all the risk and is exposed to some of the pains of collection; and 12 per cent when he can find someone to guarantee payment and help with the collections. Every section of his enormously documented book includes the most practical advice and knowledge: facsimiles of legal forms, lists of mortgage dealers, prime rates in foreign countries, names and addresses of state finance executives, names and addresses of executives in the foreign departments of American banks and

A Method for Stock Profits Without Price Forecasting, by Leon B. Allen. Doubleday, $4.50

Start With $100, by J. J. Brown. Putnam, $4.50

A Strategy of Investing for Higher Return, by Richard H. Rush. Prentice-Hall, $15.00

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of the American branches of foreign banks, names and addresses of the principal real estate syndication firms.

Whither all this unorthodox information leads, however, I am not sure. I kept asking myself, as I studied this amazing volume, whether I'd take $1,000 to the local real estate broker and make a bid for a second mortgage at 15 per cent. So many legal forms, so much credit investigating, so many telephone calls! And if it's a question of working with $10,000, then Dr. Rush advises us to diversify through a variety of mortgages, notes, foreign loans, and so on.

The paperwork and bother must be immense. And for what? For something like 20 per cent a year, fully taxable. Yet a well-managed stock portfolio should yield about 15 per cent yearly in long-term gains (at much lower tax rates) and perhaps 3 per cent in dividends (Leon Allen's portfolios have approached this level), and with practically no bother. Dr. Rush's method works for him, because he likes it; but that's no assurance that the widow down the street will be willing to threaten foreclosure on her neighbors in order to match his performance.

So, *chacun à son ragoût*. This little piggy stayed home, reading books about investments, perfectly content to let the gentlemen at Standard Oil handle his pitiable affairs. Very simple. All you do is pick up the papers and see how much you're. . . . Great Scott! Did you see what Jersey did yesterday?

The Morality of Nuclear Weapons

VINCENT MICELI, S.J.

IN *Nuclear Weapons: A Catholic Response,* five distinguished British university professors discuss the morality of those weapons. Four of them are philosophers and all are Catholic; but, despite different personal emphases, all of them agree that the best Christian counsel is nonviolent resistance.

Nuclear Weapons: A Catholic Response, edited by Walter Stein. Foreword by Archbishop Roberts, S. J. Sheed and Ward, $3.50

The editor of the symposium, Walter Stein, calls for a "policy of unconditional disarmament" together with willingness in the West to oppose "the ultimate weapon of meaningful suffering to Communist invasion; the future can safely be left to God." Professor Anscombe deplores "double think about double effect." Nuclear weapons, he maintains, have obliterated the distinction between the intended killing of combatants and the accidental killing of the innocent. Professor Markus asserts that making, holding, and exploding such weapons are morally wrong in any circumstances. He encourages "our representatives to throw caution to the winds. . . . Mr. Khrushchev has offered complete mutual disarmament. There is no excuse for not taking him at his word." Professor Geach contends: Granted that Communist domination intensifies allurement to apostasy, should Christians expect immunity from severe temptation? Professor Smith claims that papal and episcopal documents brand as immoral every use of nuclear weapons, even testing.

Despite the prestige of these professors, I am unconvinced by their reasonings. The authors are "relative pacifists." They hold, not that war is an intrinsic evil, but that today it can never be justified because of the uncontrollable effects of nuclear weapons. This premise is both unproven and erroneous. Thomas E. Murray, formerly of the AEC, assures us that "a nuclear war can still be a limited war." On April 12, 1956 he proposed to the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament a program for "rational nuclear armaments" that would set a limit to the number of the bombs, develop only bombs of low-order destructiveness and restrict testing to underground sites. This program is rational because "it is consistent with the moral principles of the civili. ed tradition in waging war and it is adapted to the military necessities of the nuclear age."

On September 30, 1954 Pius XII said: "One cannot, even in principle, raise the question of the liceity of ABC (atomic, bacteriological, chemical) warfare except in the case in which it must be judged indispensable for self-defense in the conditions indicated."

The conditions indicated are the traditional seven that must all be fulfilled for a war of self-defense to be deemed justifiable. The war must be 1) undertaken in a just cause; 2) waged by lawful authority; 3) directed with a just intention; 4) resorted to as the only means remaining to check unjust aggression; 5) engaged in with morally permissible means; 6) assured of a reasonable hope of success; 7) directed toward attaining a good that outweighs the evils it brings about.

The contributors to *Nuclear Weapons* admit that in Communist aggression against the free world the first four conditions are fulfilled. The last three, however, are not, they insist, because nuclear weapons are never morally permissible; no side ever succeeds in a nuclear war and no good can ever outweigh the evil of annihilation.

WHAT none of the authors has been able to see is that some day nuclear war may be indispensable for self-defense and that its conduct need not be uncontrollable or immoral so long as governmental policy guarantees its limited use. Intelligence, good will and fear can do this. Neither misuse of nuclear weapons in the past nor the probability of misuse in the future is proof that any use of these weapons is immoral. This last contention begets the spiritual posture sloganized in the dilemma of defeatism: *"Lieber rot als tot."* Fr. John Courtney Murray has exposed the fallacy in this pernicious dilemma.

"The choice, of course," he has written, "is between the desperate alternatives, either universal atomic death or complete surrender to Communism. The Catholic mind, schooled in the traditional doctrine of war and peace, rejects the dangerous fallacy

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involved in this casting up of desperate alternatives. Hidden beneath the fallacy is an abdication of the moral reason and a craven submission to some manner of technological or historical determinism." (*Morality and Modern Warfare,* p. 84.)

The belief in unconditional, unilateral disarmament that abandons the future to God and settles down to passive suffering in the present is a political Quietism that will guarantee the very fate the relative pacifists hope to avoid: self-annihilation and passive absorption into Communism. Perhaps many adults can suffer individually unto a meaningful death. The history of persecutions testifies that many would defect and suffer uselessly.

And what would become of the children? Communists completely cut the lifeline between parents and children, between priests and people. How meaningful can be the suffering of adult Christians who, because they meekly surrendered, must stand by and helplessly behold the inevitable transformation of their children into incarnate devils?

THERE are no catacombs in Communist countries where Christians may hold secret services to preserve and hand on their faith. The secret police are everywhere and a scientifically efficient system of spying and violence pervades every place and person. How does a parent teach his child the Sign of the Cross when the child must report this religious act as a political act of treason? To surrender unconditionally to the Communists without a fight is to cooperate by default in their program. Christians who fail to witness in deeds to the primacy of spiritual and supernatural values leave the present and future of their children to the annihilation of moral slavery, a condition infinitely worse than the merely physical death and destruction threatened by all-out war.

Pius XII, who never allowed his horror of nuclear war to blur his vision or weaken his will, in an address to military doctors upheld "the absolute necessity of self-defense against a very grave injustice that touches the community, that cannot be impeded by other means, that nevertheless must be impeded on pain of giving free field in international relations to brutal violence and lack of conscience." He knew that resolution to defend the right at all costs is the strongest deterrent to unjust aggression. Non-violent resistance may be laudable against a grave injustice that touches the individual alone. It is irrelevant, dangerous, and immoral against very grave injustices that touch the community in political and religious matters.

In the tragic aftermath of the Hungarian Revolution, when the brutal deeds of Communist violence shocked a complacent world, Pius XII wrote: ". . . when the threat is made to use atomic arms to obtain concrete demands . . . it becomes clear that . . . there may come into existence in a nation a situation in which all hope of averting war becomes vain. In this situation a war of efficacious self-defense against unjust attacks . . . cannot be considered illicit."

I accept Fr. Murray's conclusion as the only valid Catholic response to the threat of nuclear war: "One cannot . . . uphold the simple statement that atomic war as such, without further qualifications, is morally unjustifiable, or that all use of atomic weapons in war is, somehow in principle, evil." (*Morality and Modern Warfare,* p. 79.)

Humanitarian pacifism is naturalism in soft garments. It evaluates tragic events with a sentimentalism that implies that physical survival and materialist progress are absolutes. A truly Catholic response to nuclear warfare never downgrades the supreme human goods that transcend the temporal; it embraces the divine life of the Faith as that "pearl of great price" for which any chalice of sorrows must be drained to its dregs, even to the lees of nuclear war. Clear-minded and resolute in a wilderness of incoherent whimpering, the valid response rejects a trembling-reed posture before the atomic winds of Communist hatred.

Random Notes

● MOVIES: Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* will go onto film as soon as Peter O'Toole finishes impersonating Lawrence of Arabia (who was a secret Irishman, too). The setting will be Ireland; Jose Ferrer, Pozzo; Jack MacGowran, Lucky; Kenneth Griffith, Estragon. . . . Alain Robbe-Grillet (*Last Year at Marienbad*) has taken up filmmaking in a big way. He has just finished *The Immortal,* which he wrote, directed, and filmed in Turkey, a movie, he says, that breaks "all academic rules." Then there's to be another, filmed in Japan and called *She Died in France.* . . . It turns out that one of the actors the late Jerry Wald had considered for the part of Leopold Bloom in the now shelved *Ulysses* was Peter Sellers.

● INCIDENTAL: Emulation, emulation. *Variety* reports that Ed Sloan's nightclub in Minneapolis, Davy Jones' Locker, is having trouble with customers who model their behavior on "what has occurred at some eastern parties this summer." The Locker sports a swimming pool in which aquatic chorines glide, but recently the guests have taken to throwing themselves into it fully clothed.

● BOOKS: Russell Kirk's vintage tec, *Old House of Fear,* a suspense thriller of last season, compounded of derring-do, true love, spies, and a castle as full of secret corridors as a cheese, has been reissued in paperback by Avon and sells for fifty cents. . . . And *Randolph of Roanoke: A Study in Conservative Thought,* Russell Kirk's first book, now out of print, has just been made available in a bound and readable photostatic reproduction by University Microfilms, 313 North First St., Ann Arbor, Michigan ($6.90). . . . The private correspondence of Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller, from 1935 to the present, will be published early next year by Dutton. Readers who know Miller's *Colossus of Maroussi* can guess the high quality of the fun and the giddiness of the free-wheeling philosophy.

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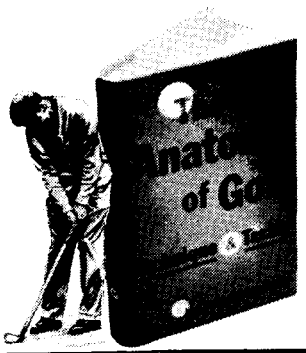

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Hypochondria as a Civic Duty

ROBERT J. NEEDLES

SOCRATES: *You say that the rhetorician, though not a physician, will have more influence with the uninformed than the physician, even in matters of health?*

GORGIAS: *Clearly.*

SOCRATES: *He need not know the truth of things, but only how to persuade the ignorant that he has more knowledge than those who know?*

GORGIAS: *Yes, Socrates, and is this not a great comfort? One needs no art but rhetoric to be superior to those who know, but who cannot equal the rhetorician in persuasion.*

SOCRATES: *I would want to know if he is or is not as ignorant of the just and unjust, base and honorable, good and evil, as he is of medicine; otherwise he will appeal to the crowd as one who knows when he does not know, to seem to be a good man when he is not.*

AMERICAN disciples of Gorgias will not be pleased to learn that a plural Socrates is available, written by those who both know and can persuade. In a series of literate and accurate essays, eighteen scholars from seven different nations describe nationalized medicine in the hives they must endure. Among them are journalists, economists, sociologists, a theologian, and also doctors of medicine. Their dissection of the morbid anatomy of government-administered medical care, which this nation has recently considered, forces this opinion: Those who urge us to start such dreadful workings here are either ignorant, careless or wicked. From these pages there emerges an overwhelming projection of grief; this nostalgia grows wherever oratory has silenced wisdom and civil servants administer medical care.

Financing Medical Care, edited by Helmut Schoeck. Caxton, $5.50

Here is evidence with which to refute young sophisters, their young leader, and a Court neither old, young, nor cognizant of the time of day. They may think the first flush of pleasure they see in their carefully chosen recipients of tax-paid benefits is proof of their success. They should know that the flush turns to the blush of shame and eventually to red-hot rage; men do not cherish the knowledge that they have been deceived and humiliated.

THE AUTHORS do not indulge in vituperation; there are no hysterical overtones, for the grim facts speak for themselves. There is a moderate amount of data on the financial aspect of state medicine; it is no more and no less fantastic than we know it to be, no matter where the orgies are put on. When politicians promise something for nothing, the people had better reach for their guns or run for their lives. Keeping the cost in perspective is important, for those American positivists who urge us to implement their raid on nature are obsessed with the idea of money and the cost of medical care. It is a peculiar reversal of form, for they are the most recklessly extravagant cabal in history.

Several of the essays deserve special notice, although the general quality is very high. Werner Schollgen writes as a theologian of the seventy years' experience of Germany with health schemes. He regards the system itself as seriously sick. "It ignores all we know about human nature in action. It encourages waste of medical resources." There is steadily diminishing desire to remain healthy, and confidence between doctor and patient is destroyed. Dr. Carl Korth, internist and professor of medicine, contributes a remarkable paper on abuse of the concept of preventive medicine which accompanies state-administered medical care. "We have yet to determine whether hypochondria as a civic duty will yield better results than it did as a private weak-

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ness." Dr. Schoeck, a sociologist in the pattern of Nisbet, Hobbs and La Piere, has gathered this material, which will bat down the bright-eyed refugees from Academe and their squint-eyed statisticians from the gloomy warrens of HEW. It is recommended without reservation.

Finally, if I may state my own position: I do not believe that the medical profession will submit to domestication. If it should, if power overwhelms our individual strengths, I would pray that we go, not as collaborators but as prisoners. We have no right to commit violence on our inheritance. I would want posterity to know we did not agree, that we did not willingly leave them a ruin instead of a habitation.

Red Maze

E. D. HARRIS

MR. VAN VOGT has descended from the outermost reaches of the galaxy and selected today's China as the setting for his first non-SF novel.

The Violent Man, by A.E. van Vogt. Farrar, $4.95

Prior to this he has confined his writing to science fiction—ranging, according to his interest of the moment, from the dianetics of L. Ron Hubbard to the general semantics of Korzybski. In *The Violent Man* he has attempted a novel on Communist brainwashing; the bibliography he appends indicates a serious effort to comprehend and analyze Communism itself as well as one of its more horrendous persuasion/coercion techniques.

Briefly, the story concerns a group of prisoners captured by the Chinese Communists and confined somewhere in the vast interior plain of China. Their jailers plan to use them as guinea pigs in testing a new theory of Communist indoctrination, designed to become part of a world-wide scheme of conquest. The methodology of the scheme, however, appears to employ the basic techniques of fear, fatigue, uncertainty, and suspicion that were applied in Korea, all interpreted through an extrapolation of Pavlov's theories.

In almost all his writing, Mr. van Vogt has been obsessed with the idea of the superman, an obsession reflected in this novel in Seal Ruxton, the somewhat psychopathic main character. It is Ruxton's development of the theory of the "right" or "violent" man, that supplies the title and the underlying theme. The book itself is a rather amazing web of parlor-psychology, sex, adventure, and induced psychoses, spun around the isolated group of men living under an ever present, erratically suspended death sentence. The result, unfortunately, is a superficial, slickly contrived psychoanalysis, applied not only to Communism's leaders today, but to every tyrant in history.

THE ACTION proceeds on several levels. One, the political, contrasts Communism and democracy, using the conventional Communist prison discussion groups to present Communism in a historical perspective. The dialectical harangues of the Chinese protagonists, with their emphasis on "correct thinking" and "correct attitudes," give an excellent presentation of Communism as the cold, amoral power drive that it is today. Not content with this, however, the author suggests a further reason for the rage against the West—xenophobia rooted in the traditional Chinese disdain of foreigners.

On another level—the psychological—Mr. van Vogt is not so successful. Here he attempts to define what he evidently considers the key to the motivation of tyrants: a drive toward power plus sexual domination.

The third level, that of adventure spiced with sex, is well done. The conflict between Seal Ruxton, the

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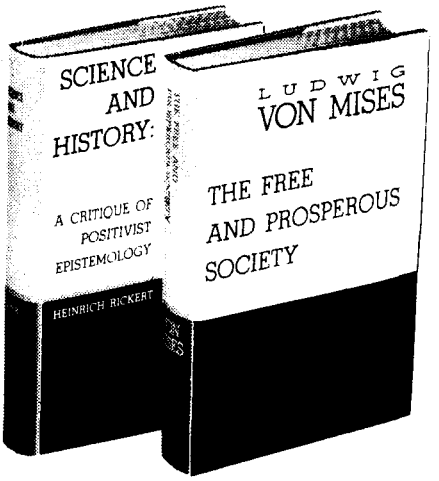

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SPEAKING UP . . .

William A. Rusher has been a popular speaker and debater before academic audiences and civic groups for many years, and has recently become something of a fixture on radio and TV as well.

Mr. Rusher has already had three separate careers. After his wartime Air Force service he earned his LL.B. at Harvard, became a practicing attorney in Wall Street, was appointed Associate Counsel to the U.S. Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee, and now is publisher of National Review. *Few men of his age can speak with comparable authority on the problems confronting America and the West.*

There is a possibility of an opening or two in his schedule around his Memphis, Tennessee talk on October 23, and his debate with Norman Thomas, "Conservatism vs *Liberalism," in Boston on November 4, and also in other southern states near the time of his four presently scheduled dates in Florida in early May 1963. Perhaps your university or club would like to hear Mr. Rusher in person. Won't you write to me?*

Catherine Babcock

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prisoner, and Major Mai Yin Lin, the prison commandant in charge of the experiment, is valid in treatment, logical in progression, and builds to an authentic climax. Both are "violent" men and the conflict is resolved only through awareness of this fact on the part of the prisoner, not through stupidity on the part of the jailer. A love affair between Phenix, the commandant's wife, and Ruxton is deftly handled.

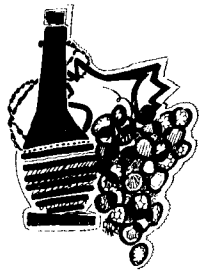
Throughout the book the usual brainwashing devices and techniques are properly depicted: the use of fatigue to mold personality, the manipulation of anxiety states to enforce compliance, and the continued use of thought-inversion to produce confusion and ultimate acceptance of an imposed belief. This theme, an excellent subject to serve as a transition from science fiction, Mr. van Vogt has made seem real and urgent.

Records

A Matter of Listening

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER does not play the piano; he assaults it. When his fingers strike the keyboard, it is not a transference of musical impulse; it is the Kronstadt sailors marching on the Winter Palace. Among those listeners who want more bang for their buck, the effect is electric. The impact of so much released energy is visceral. But when the last note has ceased to vibrate and calm is restored, the questions remain unanswered: Is this music or muscle? Is it interpretation or kinematics? They are asked after every new Soviet musician breaks out of prison for a Western concert tour.



Whatever differences there may be among them, they all share this characteristic of the Soviet musical style. Perhaps it is the reflection of a *muzhik* culture which, by its systematic liquidation of the aristocratic strain, has brought a physical, emotional, and psychological coarsening. Certainly, it is true that exposure to Western performance and association with Western artists bring about a very perceptible refinement in approach and attack—the conditioning of a subtler musical tradition.

In Richter's recording of Beethoven's F Minor Sonata (RCA Victor LM 2545), all the elements of the Soviet style are apparent. The *Appassionata* is as involuted a piece of music as you can find in the literature of the pianoforte—and it eludes far more introspective pianists. In Richter's thunderous performance, there are wrong and missed notes, excessive dynamics. His disregard of indicated tempi is so blatant that Samuel Chotzinoff, in a commentary printed on the jacket, tacitly apologizes for it. But oddly enough, though Richter comes on like Genghis Khan, he makes it. The drive which lusts so stridently for the final chord carries everything before it. There comes to mind Virgil Thomson's description of what, in writing about Toscanini, he called the "wow technique." "No piece has to mean anything specific; every piece has to evoke from its hearers a spontaneous vote of acceptance." A little breathlessly, the hearer says "Wow!" after experiencing Richter's *Appassionata*. What matters is attack—if we use the word, not in its technical musical meaning, but to denote the synthesis of instrumental technique and accommodation to the score. Richter's playing is rousing, satisfying, but kinematic. You can almost hear his teacher admonishing him with the Russian equivalent of "Give it lots of pedal, boy."

IN SHARP contrast, there is Edwin Fischer's recording of Bach's Concerto in D Minor (Angel COLH 15)—one in the series of Great Recordings of the Century. The comparison may not seem fair, for Richter was playing music written for the piano, whereas Fischer was subduing the tonal brilliance and dynamic variety of the modern instrument to the more delicate monochrome of the harpsichord for which the solo part in the

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D Minor Concerto was conceived. (The comparison shopper can go back to two recordings of the concerto made by Richter behind the Iron Curtain and fortunately forgotten—and to Fischer's exemplary traversal of the *Appassionata* on a European label.) In the Bach work, Fischer's disciplined and meditative attack provides the purity of expression, the restraint, and the sophisticated simplicity which are required. If he lacks the spaciousness and the unsurpassed *legato* of an Artur Schnabel, he compensates by what the French, less self-conscious than we, would call his nobility of concept.

Fischer's playing shows a devotion, not to the performance of music, but to music itself. As a result, his fingers "think" differently from those of Richter—or Horowitz or Rubinstein, for that matter. This involvement with the music itself brings him close to the violinist Joseph Szigeti. Now, to compare a violinist with a pianist may seem somewhat bizarre. The violin is not only far more taxing than the piano; it is the most personal instrument of all. The parallel seems even more bizarre if you remember Szigeti during the days of his vogue.

He held his fiddle almost apologetically. His fingering was cramped, his bowing wrist bent in neglect of all good practice. His tone was harsh, sometimes squeaky. But, missing the perfection we take for granted in a Heifetz, Szigeti was not deterred from imposing on himself a rigorous sense of what the composer intended, of musical (as opposed to performing) taste. The very bareness of his playing stripped Bach or Bartok down to structural essentials. Both he and Fischer attacked the score with understanding and empathy. That Szigeti seemed to be struggling with the obdurate beast in his hands made little difference.

Toscanini's "wow technique" was perfect for Verdi. That canny old Italian had beaten him to it, and the Maestro was simply demonstrating their congruity—as a hearing of *Otello* (RCA Victor LM 6107) will prove. He could handle the philosophic pretensions of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (RCA Victor LM 6009) because his instinct told him to attack the notes, which are important here, and ignore the "message," which is extraneous to the score's implicit meaning. But hand him a baton and a Mozart symphony and it was all galloping horses—as wrong as Stokowski's fried-in-deep-fat Bach "transcriptions."

With these ideas in mind, I put on Isaac Stern's recording of the Beethoven Concerto in D (Columbia ML 5415). Despite Leonard Bernstein's first-year-at-Juilliard conducting, Stern was luminescent. Thinking in terms of attack, I realized that Stern is perhaps the only violinist who knows both intellectually and technically that each of the four strings has a logic and a voice of its own, transcending the mathematical progressions. And suddenly that rather tired showpiece began to dance. "To hell with theories," I said. "Let's just listen."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

IN-LAWS AND OUTLAWS, by C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton, $4.00). Professor Parkinson already knows everything there is to know about bureaucracy, and loathes it, thus qualifying himself nicely to put aside his desk work from time to time in order to record another Law. His latest is set in a How-To-Succeed format, not insignificantly directed to the "stupid, idle, careless, uncooperative, ill-tempered and disloyal." Our loutish hero will, under the action of the law of levity (an extended observation that hot air rises, organization-wise), surmount easily the dangers of wiving, punctuosity, chairmanity, comitology (also subcomitology), secundity — until, the last shred of competence safely arear, he gains the presidency of Stupendic Gigantsome Corp.: there no short cuts to learn Parkinson's Third Law. Probably the definitive dizzy ascent. T. J. WHEELER

WHO KILLED THE CONGO?, by Philippa Schuyler (Devin-Adair, $5.00). The UN, that's who, and Miss Schuyler proves it. With her mastery of the Congo's *lingua franca,* with supporting data collected on six extensive tours of the area since 1955, and with a flair for snapshot prose, Miss Schuyler has written a book which is an indispensable item on the shelf of anyone who would rise out of the fog which rolls nightly from the miasmic pokelokens of the *New York Times.* The back of the book contains much economic and geopolitical information never before printed in English, and the

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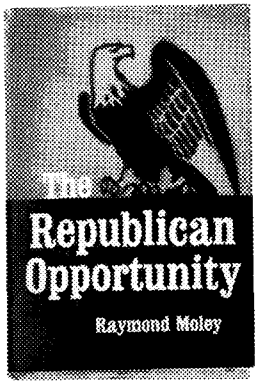

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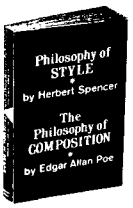
DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE

middle of the book contains photographs and personal accounts of events that can hardly be printed in anything but blood and more blood. Out of the history and present grief of the Congo, Miss Schuyler draws the foundation for her own recommendation: that the Congo is not ready for self-rule but must content itself with one of three systems—dictatorship, monarchy, or colonialism. She urges colonialism in the form of UN trust territories under single nations, and supports her proposal with a tabulation of the successful administrations of trust territories in this century. Miss Schuyler has also set her story and her ideas in a framework rich with fact. One learns, for instance, that the movement for Katangan independence goes back to 1931. The housewife learns a new recipe for ant stew. Soup's on, Adlai! W. F. RICKENBACKER

AUGUSTINE THE BISHOP, by F. van der Meer (Sheed and Ward, $17.50). In Augustine's time, there were about 600 Catholic bishops in Africa, and almost as many Donatist prelates. To be a bishop was to be a parish priest, with an exceptionally volatile and trying congregation. Augustine was the father of everyone in turbulent little Hippo, allowing himself to be drawn ever deeper into their lives, never leaving them (even when he was wanted in Rome or Ravenna), dashing off his masterpieces in the interstices of this crowded episcopal life (he often dictated all through the night). The Platonist recluse and artist became, against his temperamental bent, a shrewd arbiter and administrator. This personal "incarnation" in the Church was reflected in his writing, where the Platonic logic increasingly incarnated itself—or, rather, yielded to the incarnate Logos. But van der Meer does not consider the thought of Augustine. Patiently he puts together the minutiae that filled Augustine's days. Like his subject, he is not disdainful of little things. This is a large book full of small details, apparently pedestrian, occupied with externals. But when the place has been laboriously recreated, the person begins to haunt it. Augustine is not "presented" in this work; he is present. G. WILLS



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To the Editor

Freedom or Virtue?

Permit me to question your judgment in devoting so much valuable NATIONAL REVIEW space to L. Brent Bozell's "Freedom or Virtue?" [Sept. 11]. Since you predict that "it is likely the debate it will kick off will not subside for years to come," I would suggest that the years may be better spent. As to Frank Meyer's recovery, I trust that he is not sufficiently damaged to require recovery. If the gentlemen involved find profit in all this nit-picking, why can't they indulge themselves in private correspondence, carefully depositing copies where they may be dug up by future historians? In the light of present circumstances, I am unedified. Limiting my comments on this and several previous articles in similar vein to ten words or less, "WHY, Daddy?"

Baton Rouge, La. MILDRED W. ANDERSON

While Mr. Bozell all but shatters the libertarian concept that the first principle in political affairs is the freedom of the individual, and ably demonstrates that the will of a good man —wanting to go to church when circumstance does not permit it—is not defeated, nor his virtue diminished, nor his salvation impaired by external restrictions; nevertheless it is important to note that freedom, if not essential to virtue, is at least a worthy asset. A man's salvation may not be doomed by loss of freedom, but the loss of supernatural grace resulting from prohibition of the sacraments may well diminish his happiness. A repentant soul in mortal sin may find it harder on the strength of a perfect contribution to get to heaven than a man who has easy access to the confessional. The libertarian's mistake is to make freedom an end rather than a means, and in so doing has led men away from his true purpose; but to regard freedom "with restraint" as absolutely unnecessary to virtue is, I'm afraid, a bit totalitarian; and denies freedom its true role as a means.

Woodside, N.Y. TIMOTHY A. MITCHELL

Bravo to Mr. Bozell! But I disagree with him! Mr. Bozell, in reviewing his libertarian strawman, equates it with "the voice of the Renaissance." He ought to beware that his own rather narrow interpretation of the philosophy of ordered freedom does not bespeak the voice of the authoritarian ecclesiastic! Mr. Bozell's reading of the historical pursuit of secular progress, and particularly nineteenth- and twentieth-century ideologies is of course correct—but these ideologies, as it seems to me, have not been allied to the true ideal of individual freedom but rather a perversion of it! For my part, virtue is the object of freedom as the freeman is the subject of virtue: God meant man to seek virtue *in freedom*. And bravo to *NR*! What gall to start such a thing! Hallelujah, and on with the debate! I'm on Mr. Meyer's side!

JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER
Mountain Brook, Ala.

Mr. Bozell's title is misleading, since the role of the state in fostering virtue is a modest (though real) one. Virtue in the Christian sense eludes the easy doctrinaire categories fashioned by the Liberals (of the Left *and* the Right). Mr. Bozell sees this and writes in the central tradition of Johnson and Burke and Newman —and for that matter St. Paul, who, deprived of the insights of the past two centuries, urged slaves to obey their masters: for the Apostle had penetrated the mystery of freedom. We can be sure that many a slave has been saved; the returns are not yet in on Ayn Rand and Jean-Paul Sartre.

Mr. Bozell recalls modern conservatives to their mission, which is to work not toward the ideal society, but the tolerable one. Man's Home is elsewhere. Given this premise, conservative political activity can accommodate a wide range of emphases. Without it, we descend to ideology. The free market is a useful and congenial device for America and many other societies, and well worth defending: but a *device*, not a Revelation. Johnson's observation, that there are few ways a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money, puts economics in its place.

But poor Mr. Bozell is in for it. The kindest name he will be called will be theocrat; whereas he is just a conservative.

Pelham Manor, N.Y. NEIL MC CAFFREY

Mr. Bozell, what is the purpose of life if we are marched into heaven at the point of a gun?

Franklin, Ind. HUGH CARTER

Starve the Children Fund

In *NR* Sept. 11, C. Lloyd Bailey has a naive and weird explanation of the "borrowing of UNICEF funds" by the Acting Secretary General. He says in fact that the ASG did not filch the bank account but hijacked the funds on the way to the bank. Ah me! Such thinking and talking.

Seattle, Wash. O. K. MOODY

Of Motes and Beams

As I read Francis Russell's review of *Lolita* [Sept. 11] with its feeling of sadness for the people who stood in long lines to see the picture, their contemplative disappointment at not being able to peek through a crack and watch the actual seductions in the flesh, and the observation that it'd probably take 16mm Mexican stag movies to satisfy these degenerates, I also wondered about something.

Why did Mr. Russell see the picture?

Wichita, Kan. L. S. ABBOTT

In Defense of Judd

Since Congressman Walter Judd ranks high on my list of most admired people, I clipped out and sent to him your discussion of his recent activity in the House relative to the Casey Amendment to the foreign aid bill ["From Washington Straight," July 31]; it appeared from the article that Congressman Judd had suddenly and inexplicably shifted his long-held ground relative to aid to Communist-dominated countries. I have now received from Congressman Judd a lengthy reply to my letter, which states that your report was "grossly erroneous," and from which I will quote part, as follows:

"The article states that the White House has decided to try to modify the Casey Amendment which placed an absolute ban on aid to Communist countries, rather than to fight the Amendment. The reverse is the fact. The White House had decided to fight the Amendment; it was I who proposed that we try to modify it.

". . . There has been no slightest shift

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in my position of opposition to our giving aid to Communist countries. . . . *The Congressional Record* for July 12, 1962, shows that I stated. . . .: 'I have opposed our aid to Yugoslavia from the beginning. . . . I have tried each year in Committee to get the Executive to stop giving aid that will help strengthen any Communist dictatorship. . . . My judgment has been and it is today that our aid to Yugoslavia has done more to stabilize Tito's control than it has helped the forces of freedom there.'

". . . Under [my] oath, I must resist efforts by any President to take over functions like taxation and appropriations which are lodged by the Constitution in the Congress. . . . I must resist efforts by the Congress to take over functions like direction of foreign policy which are lodged by the Constitution in the President."

San Francisco MRS. JOHN STENBECK

A Modest Proposal

If President Kennedy wants an "Interdependent Atlantic Partnership" (a union of America and Europe) *why* doesn't he propose that England, France, Germany, etc. become *our* 51st, 52nd, 53rd, etc. States? Tariff, currency, and defense problems could just as well be resolved in such a union.

Astoria, N.Y. ANTHONY MATUSIAK

Impossible. England, France, and Germany use prayers in school.—ED.

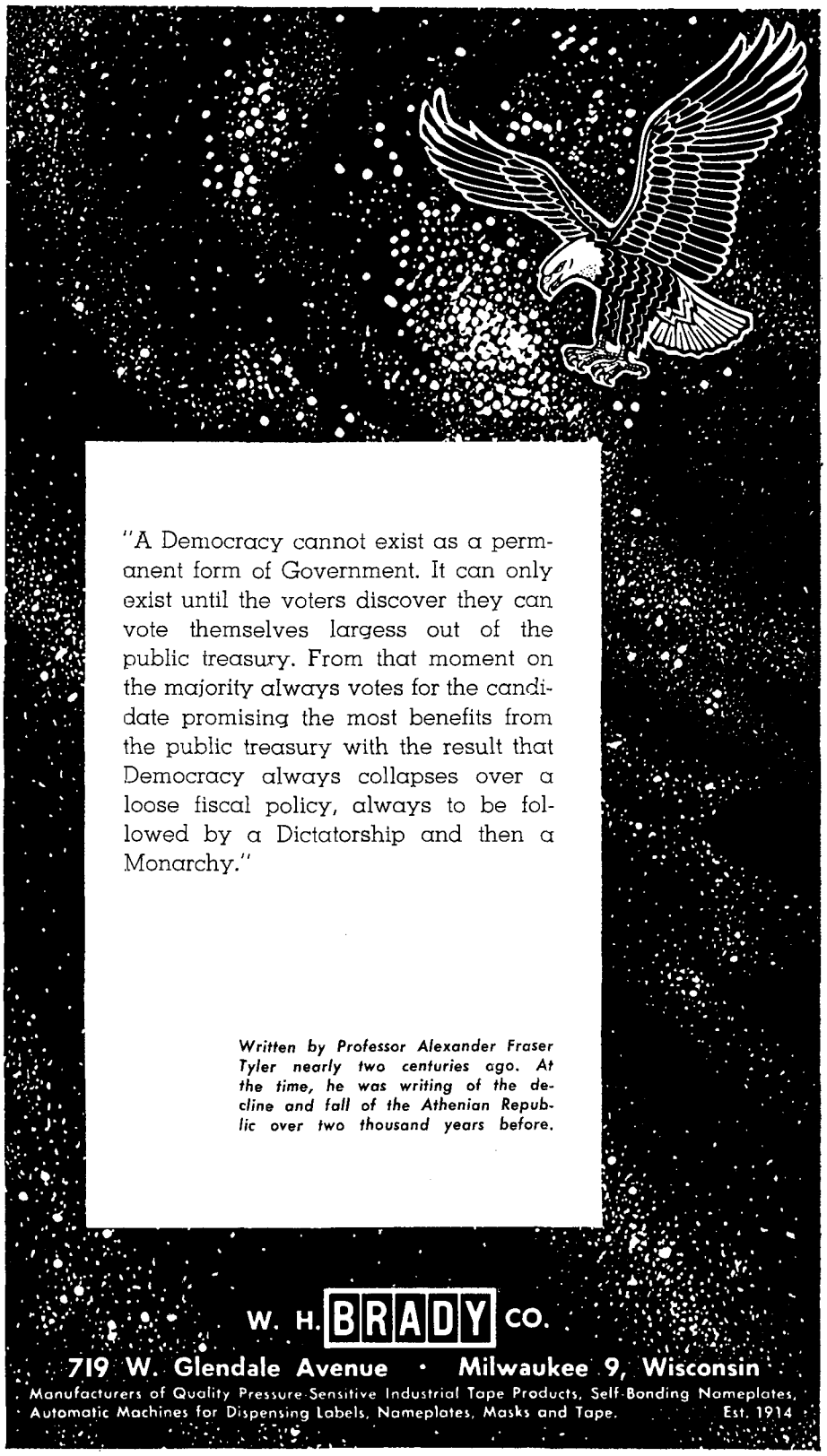
Piqued Author?

Having read Comrade H. Kenner's review [September 11] of *Deaths For The Ladies (and other disasters)*, imprecisely titled in your columns as *Deaths for the Ladies and Other Disasters*, one inquires whether you are not managing a farm team for the Book Review at *Time*. Cheers, drear lads and laddies.

Brooklyn, N.Y. NORMAN MAILER

Dr. Livingstone, I Presume

When in Washington three or four days ago, I spotted a magazine stand in the main lobby of a federal building. Wondering (and doubting) whether NATIONAL REVIEW would be on sale there, I walked over to check —and there it was, as big as life. I asked for a copy. The vendor (who is a blind man) turned toward the rack and hesitated some little time before remembering where *NR* was. As I gave him the money


"A Democracy cannot exist as a permanent form of Government. It can only exist until the voters discover they can vote themselves largess out of the public treasury. From that moment on the majority always votes for the candidate promising the most benefits from the public treasury with the result that Democracy always collapses over a loose fiscal policy, always to be followed by a Dictatorship and then a Monarchy."
Written by Professor Alexander Fraser Tyler nearly two centuries ago. At the time, he was writing of the decline and fall of the Athenian Republic over two thousand years before.
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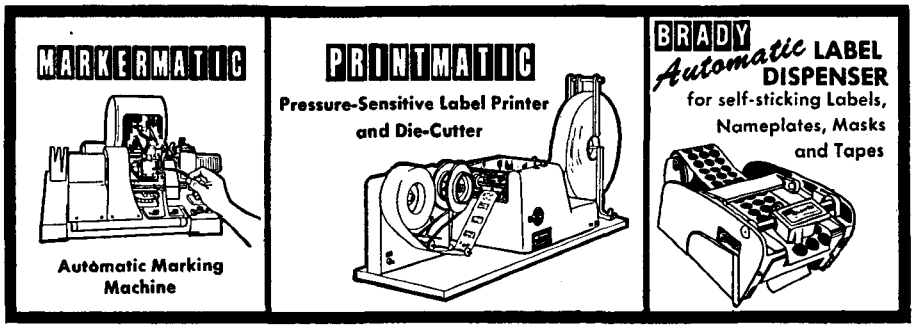

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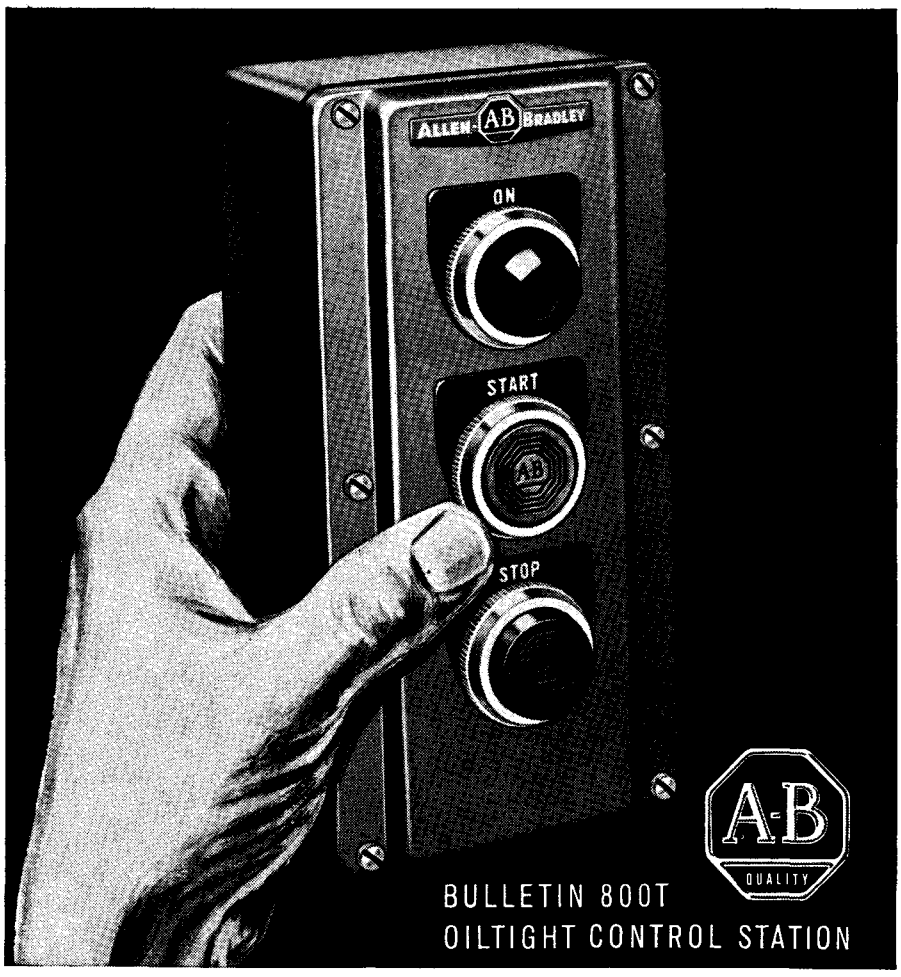

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he explained the delay: "Had to think about that a minute . . . so seldom get a call for the thing."

The building? The State Department.

Baltimore DAVE FUTCH

No Help for Peter Fechter

Doubtlessly you will receive many letters concerning the agonizingly senseless death of Peter Fechter, the young East German who was machine-gunned by Vopos and left to bleed to death at the Berlin Wall August 17. But now the nation must await the grandiose verbiage of the Executive Office Intellectuals explaining everything away with platitudes of "international adjustment," "bilateral harmony," and beautifully constructed theories of "escalatory tensions."

I am confident that the Executive Elite are doing their best but, I feel compelled to ask, for Peter Fechter and those who will follow him, is their best sufficient?

Austin, Tex. CHARLES B. WOOD

Erratum

Recognitio Domestica hujus hebdomadis errat. Cato non MMCXI annos habet; MMCXCVI annos habet.

TIBERIUS SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS

Sandford, Fla.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF NATIONAL REVIEW, published 52 times a year at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1962.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Publisher, William A. Rusher, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.; Editor, William F. Buckley Jr., 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.; Managing Editor, Priscilla L. Buckley, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statement in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 53,007.

(Signed) William A. Rusher
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1962.

(Signed) Rose Marie Flynn
(My commission expires March 30, 1963)

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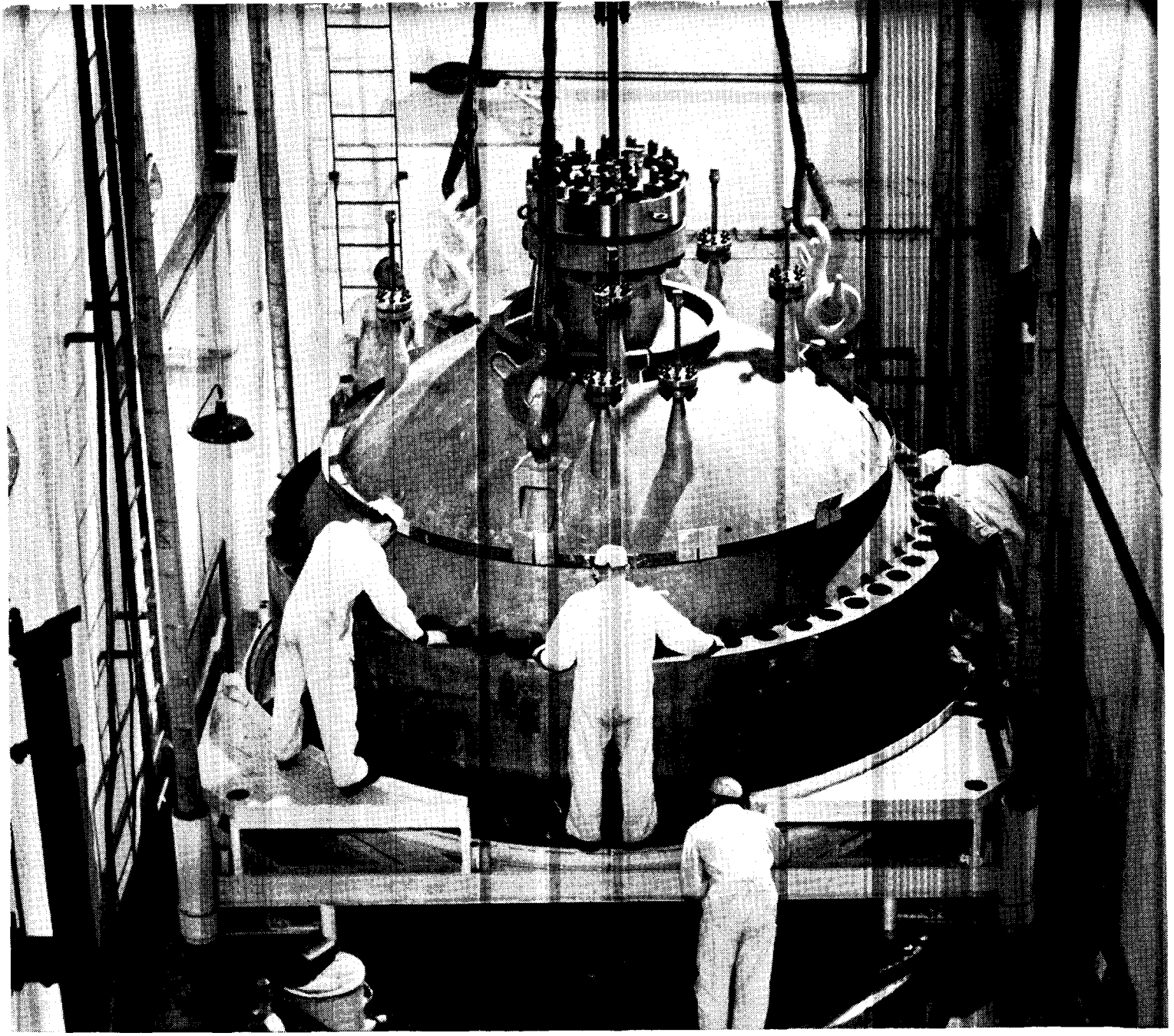

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